

THE MONTH

APRIL, 1869.



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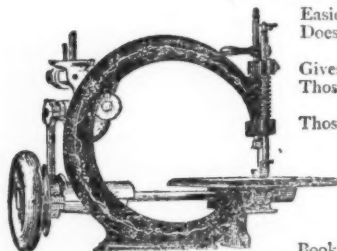
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The Doctrine of the Atonement.

From Horace (Od. ii. 14).

On the Eclipse of August 18th, 1868. By Father Secchi.

Plea for a Bird just Caught. (From the French of Marie Jenna.)

The Black-robe at an Indian Council.

Our Library Table :—

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2. Chesney's Waterloo Lectures.—3. Helps' Life of Columbus—

4. The False Decretals and the Lessons of the Breviary.—5.

Rogacci on Holy Confidence.—6. Ponlevoy's Life of Father

de Ravignan.—7. Sœur Marie of Leige.

Recent Pamphlets on Ontologism.

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Anne Seberin.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"ECCO ROMA!" Those who now arrive at Rome by the railway and rush into a station which is at first sight like any other station in the world, cannot form the least idea of the magical effects which those two words used to produce when the carriage which was bringing the traveller to the Eternal City stopped at the spot on the road whence the dome of St. Peter was for the first time visible, and the driver pointing it out with exultation uttered the announcement with that full majestic Roman accent, majestic as the name of Rome itself.

Evelyn had sufficient information and intelligence to appreciate in some measure what was implied in that name, and taste enough to contemplate with admiration the beautiful outlines before her—the deep blue background of the cloudless sky, and towering over every other building, the incomparable dome, which seen at a first glance is distinguishable from every other object. She was standing in the carriage in which she and her aunt travelled, and her beaming eyes, her pleased smile, her look of curiosity and interest met Guy's enraptured glance when he rode up to greet her. The blush which deepened the colour in her cheeks when she saw him, made her look more lovely than ever. For some days after her arrival nothing disturbed this agreeable impression. Evelyn was disposed to enter thoroughly into the historical and poetic associations of Rome, and she longed to visit all its monuments. Painting as well as music, the art in which she herself particularly excelled, attracted and interested her: beauty of every sort captivated her eye and pleased her imagination. It was a new and delightful pleasure to Guy to visit with Evelyn the picture galleries, and pour forth his delight in glowing language, whilst Lady Cecilia followed them spying at the pictures and statues, and carefully referring to Mrs. Stark's guide-book, the Murray of the day. Guy would always have been an intelligent and well informed companion on such occasions, but the hours he had spent with Franz in Rome had excited his enthusiasm and kindled his sympathies even more than usual on all subjects connected with art. As long as Evelyn and he talked of pictures, ruins, and scenery, nothing at all disturbed the harmony of feeling between them. She enjoyed his eloquence and enthusiasm, and without being able quite to respond to his raptures, she entered into them just enough to prevent his perceiving that he was in

fact speaking a language she hardly understood. Now and then perhaps a word, a look, a surprised or absent expression of countenance, had slightly jarred on his feelings, just as a discord in music strikes on the ear. But these transient impressions were almost immediately dispelled by the charm of Evelyn's manner, the originality of her remarks, and above all by the prestige which lent a charm to all she said and did.

It was on the day that they went together for the first time to St. Peter's, that he became really conscious of a want of sympathy between himself and his betrothed. Evelyn indeed made many exclamations of surprise and admiration, but did not say anything he should have liked her to say, and from that time forward he showed a dislike to going with her into the churches, and the more she urged it with the ardour of a sightseer the more that dislike increased. If he did make up his mind to it there was a thought continually present to his mind which checked the utterance of his feelings when they would naturally have been most enthusiastic. Sometimes after going into ecstasies at the beauty of a view outside a church, when they entered it he became silent and gloomy. Leaving Evelyn's side abruptly, he used to go and kneel before the altar where an ever-burning light gives evidence of the Presence which is the true life of the Catholic Church. Meanwhile Evelyn stood leaning against a pillar in a listless attitude, quite unconscious of the ardent supplications poured forth for her. When after these fervent prayers, which while they were being uttered almost grew into hopes, Guy encountered her cold, careless glance, he always felt cut to the heart.

Evelyn was perfectly capable of appreciating the rich treasures of art accumulated in the most obscure churches of Rome. She had in abundance the taste, interest, and intelligence requisite for this kind of enjoyment; she understood everything except the order of ideas which had given birth to those sanctuaries, which was expressed in those symbols, which was the source, the soul, and the life, of all they contained and implied. She had not even any curiosity to inform herself on the subject, nor did she mind displaying the utmost ignorance with regard to it. As soon as anything beyond the material beauty of these Christian temples was discussed, her interest ceased. She would indeed have been ashamed not to know the names of the Olympian deities, or not to have recognised at first sight the statues of Augustus, Tiberius, or Antinous, but she looked with ignorant or listless indifference on the memorials of the greatest benefactors of the human race—the well-known and revered lineaments of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Philip Neri, or St. Vincent of Paul, and of so many others who have raised humanity to its highest pitch of glory, and accomplished works which in the early ages of the world have been styled divine—she did not even wish to know them, she cared not to hear their history; hardly to learn their names.

This state of mind was not peculiar to Evelyn, and she would

have been very much surprised to know what an effect it had on Guy. She now and then observed clouds on his brow, but did not at all guess whence they arose. He, on the other hand, was always hoping that some change would come over her, and in the meantime tried to avoid the occasions which gave rise to these painful impressions. By proposing rides and excursions where, in the midst of the beauties of nature or the ruins of past ages, they could forget their differences of feeling, and enjoy together the pleasures of taste and imagination, he secured hours in which he could give himself up to the charm of her society without any drawback or secret heart ache. But the contrast was all the more bitter when at other times he was warned by the very expression of her countenance or the tone of her voice to keep back the utterance of his feelings lest, by her absolute inability to share them, she should involuntarily wound him.

It was not exactly a spirit of religious zeal that woke up in Guy. It was the consciousness that Evelyn could not rise with him to those higher regions of thought that can only be realised by faith, which vexed him. He had lately been tasting the delight of perfect sympathy with a congenial companion, and now that his love for Evelyn, which had been at first only vehement and impulsive, was growing earnest and tender, as he thought of the tie which was soon to unite them, he could not brook this sort of estrangement, and nothing seemed to him to make up for that intercourse of soul with soul which he could not enjoy with her. Perhaps he might have opened his heart to Franz in one of these fits of depression, but he had left Rome a fortnight before to seek a more complete retirement. Once it occurred to him to write to Anne, but after sitting awhile with his pen in his hand, he threw it down, and made up his mind not to speak to any one of Evelyn and himself. This was perhaps a sensible resolution, but it did not tend to increase the equanimity of spirits and temper which he had so much difficulty in maintaining when for any reason, good or bad, his inward peace was disturbed.

"Will you come to the Coliseum with us?" Evelyn said one morning to Guy at the usual hour when he made his appearance in Lady Cecilia's drawing-room.

"By all means," he answered, but on second thoughts added, "I think we had better go another day; on Friday it is always very crowded."

"But that is the very reason why I want to go to-day," Evelyn replied. "I have been told that one ought to see it filled with people, and that it is a curious sight to see."

"It is not a sight," Guy answered; "it is a devotion which takes place every Friday."

"Why on Fridays?"

"Because our Lord died for us on this day, and therefore throughout the Christian, at any rate the Catholic world, it is considered holy."

"But why does this devotion take place at the Coliseum?"

"Because it is a spot consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and because their memory is naturally associated with the thought of the Cross."

There was a sort of irritability in Guy's manner of giving this explanation which puzzled Evelyn. She thought herself particularly considerate in her way of speaking of his religion. She always took care not to say anything offensive about it, nor would she allow others to do so. It had only been the day before that an English girl had said before her that Catholics worshipped idols, though they would not admit it, and she had been quite angry, and maintained that they were good Christians—"just as good as ourselves," she added. This showed how tolerant she was, and if Guy was not satisfied he was very hard to please. She certainly would not have liked him to try and influence her, but then she did not make any attempt to convert him, and she considered that he ought to be grateful for her forbearance, which, however, if the truth is to be told, did not cost her much effort. It was of course a pity, but no fault of his, that he was a Catholic. As he happened to be French he could not be expected to be an Anglican. There the matter ended, and she did not trouble herself further about it. The case was different with him, but he made a firm resolution not to broach this important subject, for he felt that in Evelyn's state of mind what he could say would offend and not convince. It was often however just as painful to him to keep silence as it would have been to speak.

Evelyn was vexed to see him look sad and depressed, and went to put on her things in rather a bad humour, leaving him in the meantime alone in the drawing-room. He was sitting by a table covered with books and flowers, work-baskets, knick-nacks, and all that variety of things which Englishwomen carry about with them, and produce as if by magic from the depths of their travelling bags, making it appear as if they intended to spend their lives in every hotel they stay at. Guy was absently turning over the contents of a china tray which happened to be near him. Amongst Evelyn's gloves, smelling-bottles, and knitting-needles, he saw a small prayer book lying open. He took it up, and as he was putting it down again with a sigh he noticed the letters V.L., and the words beneath them, "Remember this day." The book was still in his hands when Evelyn came back. She darted forward as if to take it from him, but the careless manner with which he threw it down reassured her, and he ascribed the gesture which he had seen to her usual anxiety to avoid everything which could lead to a discussion about religion. He was however going to ask her whose were the initials in her book, but Lady Cecilia just then appeared equipped for a drive, and he forgot all about it.

Evelyn's aunt wore a peculiar travelling costume, consisting of a grey bonnet and a dark-blue projecting addition in fashion at that time, and appropriately called an "ugly," which kept off the

sun, while a light but ample cloak protected her garments from the dust. She carried under her arm a camp stool, her faithful guide-book, and an album in which she and Evelyn alternately sketched. In her hand was a small basket destined to supply their wants in case hunger overtook them during their drive. In this array, and provided against all accidents, Lady Cecilia daily went through her sight-seeing duties, and enjoyed herself in her own way. She established herself on the day in question with all her goods in the open carriage. Then Evelyn got in, and Guy sat opposite to her.

It was one of those Italian days, preeminently beautiful even in the midst of a series of lovely days, which fill the heart and mind with a delight almost painful in its intensity. The eye dwells with rapture on everything it rests upon. All is in harmony—the shape and colouring of each building with the hues of the mountains and the form of each single tree, for it seems as if in that favoured land it had been given to man to enhance by his genius the very beauties of nature. And over all this matchless scenery a marvellous light multiplies and varies its tints as the day advances, until the hour when in the midst of a transcendent radiance the brightness of day changes into the glory of the night. It is that strange gleaming, indescribable light—that light which is like the soul in a lovely form, which beyond all the other enchantments of those fair climes, produces a sense of almost aching admiration. What is that mysterious pain which the human heart feels when ecstasy becomes suffering? Is it that at such moments we have a foretaste of a joy out of proportion with the capabilities of earthly existence, and that this glimpse of a higher beauty, of which what we see is but the shadow and the promise, oppresses the soul, which cannot rise to those heights, with a peculiar melancholy? These strange affinities between suffering and joy, between pain and pleasure, are the deep mysteries of our being; and what is a mystery but a depth we cannot fathom, or a height we cannot reach?

Guy and Evelyn were both somewhat out of spirits at the beginning of the drive, but the irresistible beauty of the weather soon drove away all other feelings than those of enjoyment. There was no room at that moment in their hearts for the sort of melancholy which we said just now is sometimes produced by sunny skies, the loveliness of nature, and the sweetness of a balmy air. It is not when the soul is full of rapturous excitement that it is subject to such influence. And in the hour we speak of Guy and Evelyn felt for a while as happy as possible. He wished that that drive could have lasted indefinitely, and begged his companions not to go straight to the Coliseum, but make a long circuit outside the walls of the City. He had never thought Evelyn so charming as that afternoon. There was a thrilling sweetness in the sound of her voice and a pensive expression in her face which irresistibly captivated him. Guy was always eloquent when his feelings were

strongly moved, and his very silence on these occasions was eloquent also. And whether Evelyn answered or not, or whether she blushed or smiled, she showed more interest in listening to him, and seemed to understand him better, than usual.

At last they arrived at the Coliseum; the crowd was so great that they found some difficulty in making their way to the centre. It was a curious spectacle which met their eyes when they stood in the middle of the vast arena. The whole world seemed represented within those ruined walls. From the picturesque dresses of the peasant girls of Albano, down to the travelling attire of Lady Cecilia and other English ladies, every variety of costume was to be seen. The various habits of the Religious Orders and the dark cloaks of the Trasteverini contrasted with the purple garb of the dignitaries of the Church and the fanciful equipments of artists and tourists. The crowd was thickest around the Cross in the centre, where stood the Preacher of the Stations, in one of those religious habits dear to the eye of the painter and the hearts of the faithful. He was himself a fitting type of what the wearer of that habit ought to look and to be. At the moment when Guy and his companions arrived the round of the Stations had just been finished, and the preacher was recapitulating the truths he had dwelt on at each. As he paused before them Guy went as near to the Cross as he could, and made room for Evelyn by his side, but she withdrew her arm from his and went back to the place where her aunt was standing—near enough however to have heard if she had wished it. Guy was sorry to be separated from her even by those few steps, but his attention was soon enchained, and another kind of emotion seized hold of him. The Monk who was preaching was more than an orator. He was a Saint, a name often too lightly given, but which in this instance there was warrant for using, for this religious was a man who really loved his neighbour more than himself, and God above all things. Moreover he possessed the gift of eloquence; and what is there on earth so great and so divine as the power of speech in a man whose heart burns with that two-fold love, and who gives utterance to it in words which set those of his hearers on fire? Such was the effect produced at that moment on that multitude gathered round the Cross and the preacher of the Cross. Guy was surprised, entranced, and carried away as he listened to the voice which was rekindling in his soul all its noblest desires. The love of moral greatness, the passionate wish to make his life useful, the generous resolution to devote his youth, his talents, and his wealth to the service of God and man—all these thoughts, all these hopes, which he had sometimes indeed lost sight of, but which lived in the depths of his heart, seemed to awaken, to reappear, to expand, and to glow under the influence of that ardent eloquence. He stood exactly opposite to the Cross, conspicuous by his towering height and the fixed attention with which he was drinking in the preacher's words. The Monk's earnest, impressive eyes seemed

fixed upon him, and he felt as if the closing sentences he uttered were addressed to himself individually. He spoke of the Christian's strife, and of his triumph, of his cross and of his crown, and when he raised his hand to bless the multitude, Guy and all the surrounding crowd fell on their knees with feelings of faith and love not unworthy of the blood-stained soil on which they bent. Guy, still kneeling, looked towards Evelyn. A divine gust had swept over his soul. What, he wondered, had she thought and felt? Eloquence, he knew, had power to move her. Had their hearts for once throbbed in unison? For a moment he could not catch sight of his companions. They had left the spot where he had last seen them. Soon however his eyes fell upon Evelyn. She was still standing—the only person in that crowd that was standing. Her album was in her hand, and she was complacently sketching the Cross and the preacher—whilst her aunt seated on the camp-stool was quietly occupied with the contents of the luncheon basket.

What Guy felt we shall speak of later. In the meantime we may pause to ask if Evelyn was really so much to blame as the swelling heart and indignant countenance of her affianced husband seemed to indicate? No—we cannot condemn her; for how, alas! should it have been otherwise? Why should she have lent her ear to the words of a monk, or cared for the sight of the Cross? Are not, perhaps we might now rather say, were not English people taught from childhood and accustomed through life to ignore, despise, and detest everything bearing the mark of the ancient Church, their own spiritual mother, and to many among them, and some even of the most pious, are not that hatred and contempt the only definite points of their religious belief? Oh, on this earth where good and evil, virtue and vice, divide the human race in so fearful a manner, is not that division between those who love God and their neighbour, between pure and fervent hearts, a great evil, a terrible curse? Can we help mournfully exclaiming,—Alas! for the day which wrought that ruin? Alas! for those Catholics whose faults veiled the divine beauty of their mother's face. Alas! for the Protestants who could not see through that veil, and with faithless hearts disowned that true mother!

Guy rose and went up to Evelyn. "Good Heavens! what is the matter with you?" she said.

"Nothing," he replied; and indeed there was nothing that he could have explained which she would have understood. How could he have told her that his heart was full of high thoughts and ardent feelings which he was obliged to keep under, as it were, which he dared not express for fear of meeting with a disappointment more painful still than that restraint. He gave Evelyn his arm and they walked to the carriage. She had observed since they had been at Rome that he had become rather capricious and wayward, but never till that day had such a cloud darkened his

brow. Another person might have been anxious, even alarmed, she felt only provoked, and thought it right to show her disapproval of Guy's unaccountable changes of mood by assuming an almost affected gaiety of manner. As they made their way through the crowd, she talked in a jesting way of indifferent things without paying any attention to his grave looks. He did not answer, and would have given anything to stop the sound of that silvery voice which an hour ago had rung like music in his ears. At last, with a vehemence he could not control, he exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, Evelyn" and then stopped short, hardly knowing what he meant to say. She looked at him with surprise, and he thought there was something cold and hard in the expression of her large astonished blue eyes.

When Lady Cecilia and Evelyn were seated in the carriage, and were expecting him to get in, he abruptly shut the door, and allowed them to drive off without even a bow or a smile. The projecting shade over her bonnet did not assist Lady Cecilia's powers of perception, and Guy's change of countenance and manner accordingly escaped her notice. It was only when they had driven off without him that turning to her niece she asked, what was the matter. Evelyn reddened, looked vexed, and did not seem inclined to answer. Lady Cecilia said nothing more. "Some lover's quarrel I suppose," she mentally concluded. "I had better leave them to settle it between themselves." When they arrived at the door of their house, she said, "He will come to dinner as usual?" "Oh, yes of course;" Evelyn answered, though she did not feel at all certain of the fact, and the doubt was by no means agreeable. She thought Guy's conduct incomprehensible, and felt very angry with him, still she wished him to come if it was only to give her an opportunity of testifying her resentment, and obliging him to propitiate her. With this thought in her mind, she was slowly following her aunt up the long staircase which led to their apartments in the Via delle quattro Fontane, when Lady Cecilia suddenly turned round joyfully exclaiming, as she showed her a card which had just been given to her,

"Look! what a pleasant surprise! Think of Vivian being here! We shall have all the English news, and he will be such a pleasant addition to our parties."

Evelyn's face did not imply that she shared that anticipation. She kept staring at the card with an astonished and anything but pleased expression. The blue shade over her bonnet prevented Lady Cecilia from observing her niece's sudden paleness, but when it was taken off she turned towards her, and surprised at her silence said,

"Why, Evelyn, are you not glad your cousin is arrived?"

By this time Evelyn had recovered her self-command, and she carefully replied,

"I am neither sorry or glad. It remains to be seen whether Vivian will like being here with us before we can judge whether his

society will add to our enjoyment ;" and throwing the card on the table she went to her own room.

When Lady Cecilia came to think over what Evelyn had said it did strike her that Vivian had some peculiar idea and crotchets which might indeed prevent his getting on well with foreigners, and that perhaps he might not make himself as agreeable at Rome as in London. Thereupon she went to lie down, not however before she had written a note to Lord Vivian Lyle to ask him to dine with them that evening.

After Guy had seen Evelyn drive off from the Coliseum he walked quietly away with an instinctive wish to get away from the crowd, the noise, and the world. He felt an imperative need of being alone in order to recover sufficient self-control to master his agitation and prevent his natural irritability from discrediting, as he feared it had that day, his highest and holiest feelings. It was some time however before his excitement subsided. The words he had heard in the Coliseum still haunted him, and as he dwelt upon them all the feelings of admiration and enthusiasm they had awakened arose once more in his heart. Now and then also came the recollection of the precious hour of that drive, during which he had thought Evelyn so charming. But everything seemed changed. He found it difficult to recall the charm which she had exercised over him—he could only remember the disenchantment which had followed—her coldness, her indifference, her levity at a moment when he was longing for sympathy, longing to pour forth the feelings awakened by words of burning eloquence, of ardent faith and love.

As he was walking on at hap-hazard he turned into a narrow road between two walls, behind which a solitary pine or dark cypress now and then rose in relief against the dazzling sky. At last he came to the door of a little convent church and went in. The sudden coolness and comparative darkness was relief to his excited mind. A feeling of pain stole over him. There was no one in the church. A single *prie-dieu* chair stood before the altar. Guy knelt down there, and with his head leaning on his hands remained a long time dreaming perhaps rather than praying—resting from his own eager thoughts. After a while the events of the past months seemed to pass before him like a vision. For the first time he discerned how poor in spite of all its vehemence had been the love which had so suddenly taken possession of his heart. It had made indeed this earth a scene of enchantment, but it could not raise him higher than earth, and there are days, the best in a man's life, when the joys of this world are not enough to satisfy his immortal soul. This thought made him look up, for it took the shape of a prayer. He raised his eyes to the altar, and perceived what at that moment seemed to his excited feelings almost like an apparition. The light of the setting sun was shining through the window above the entrance door and throwing a strange light on the picture over the altar, and especially on the

principal figure of the martyred saint to whom the church was dedicated. But it was not a painter's conception that met his glance. He knew that face, those eyes, that sweet countenance. They were those of the dear friend of his childhood. It was the soul of Anne Severin which gave expression to that canvas. Guy gazed on it awhile with wondering emotion, and then burst into tears.

It seemed as if a holy influence was suddenly acting upon him. What Anne's presence had so often effected was now taking place in his soul. The stormy surges of passion were hushed into repose, even as the billows of the sea when the tempest subsides. An inward silence succeeded to the multitude of agitating thoughts which had confused his brain, but in the midst of that silence he seemed to hear words he had read but never taken much heed of before. "A love of which God is not the link can never be strong and lasting." (*The Imitation of Christ*). Guy prayed before that altar that this divine link might not be wanting in the love which was to sanctify his heart and life. He rose strengthened and more peaceful than when he had entered that church. Before going away he looked more quietly at the picture which had made so great an impression on him. It was the same which he had seen a year before at Paris in Franz's studio, the likeness painted by his friend of her who seemed in some way or other to have stood between him and evil at all the important moments of his life.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It was in a very pensive state of mind that Guy returned to his lodgings. He had entirely conquered the irritation which had been produced by Evelyn's cold and sneering manner; but he could not forget the pain it had given him, or help comparing it with the expression of the face he had just been gazing on. And as he thought of what he had suffered in the Coliseum that day he kept fancying what Anne would have felt there and what he should have felt if she had been with him. His heart began to ache as his imagination drew that picture in a way which betokened perhaps a wound never completely healed. He remembered, however, that Evelyn had not voluntarily given him pain, whereas she certainly had reason to complain of him. He was anxious to make up for his rude conduct, and also, by seeing her again, to drive away from his mind the recollection of the altar-piece in the convent church. It was late when he reached home: he had only just time to dress and walk to the *Viâ delle quatre Fontane* in time for dinner.

Lady Cecilia's *salon* was reckoned a very pleasant one, and when she did the honours of her own house it was easy to perceive that she was not only a person of high position in society—even her quaint travelling attire could not wholly conceal

that—but also one of refined and distinguished manners. The labours of the day over, and in her evening dress, she would be very different from the fatigued sightseer we described in the morning.

Evelyn was not expecting their guests in quite as tranquil a state of mind as her aunt. She had been so absent while dressing that after three or four unanswered questions Morris had been reduced to follow her own inspirations and take upon herself the responsibility of the arrangement of her mistress' hair. To do justice to that admirable lady's-maid it must be added, that, if Evelyn had had leisure to glance at the judicious combination of blue velvet and pearls with which her beautiful hair had been adorned, she would have admitted that nothing could excel the skill with which the selection had been made. But Evelyn was thinking at that moment neither of her dress, her hair, or her beauty, of nothing in fact that was the least agreeable. Before leaving her room she stood a little while at the window, absorbed in thoughts which seemed by no means pleasing. Neither the calm beauty of the night succeeding to the loveliness of the departed day, nor the starry sky still retaining a purple hue, bequeathed to it as a farewell by the last rays of the setting sun, could attract Evelyn's notice. She was only roused from her gloomy abstraction by a knock at the door and a message to say that everybody had arrived. "Everybody arrived!" These words, simple as they were, sounded strange in her ears. She hesitated an instant, then, feeling the case to be desperate, she hurried to the drawing-room. Many agitating thoughts passed through her mind during the short space of time it took to go from one room to the other. How should she meet Vivian, whom she had so little troubled herself about during the foregoing months, and from whom she had not received a single line? How should she withstand that strange influence he had always exercised over her, and which she already felt was beginning to reassume its power? How would he behave to Guy?—and Guy too, in what sort of mood should she find him? As far as Lord Vivian was concerned, he had indeed no occasion to be displeased at his arrival, for he was ignorant of everything that had passed between her and her cousin, but this consciousness, far from being satisfactory, only increased her uneasiness. She bitterly regretted having put off so long a disagreeable explanation, but which could never have been half so disagreeable as what she had now to go through. Suddenly the bright idea occurred to her that Guy having been so cross at the Coliseum and left them so abruptly he would probably not come to dinner, and, much as this would have vexed her under other circumstances, it seemed now a happy prospect of escape. "Oh, yes!" she thought, "all then would be right. She should speak to Vivian that evening, and to-

tomorrow she should tell Guy all about it." Not to see them at the same time was the important thing.

As this was what she wished, she immediately persuaded herself that it would be so, and opened the door in that comfortable expectation. . . . But there they were, both Vivian and Guy, standing exactly opposite to her! The insignificant and yet imperative forms of social life are often useful. Evelyn did not scream or start, she was even saved from fainting, which she might easily have done, seeing how violently her heart was beating, by the unavoidable necessity of responding to the civilities of a Roman Princess who was that day one of Lady Cecilia's guests! She had a vague consciousness that her aunt was introducing her to a lady who was saying all sorts of gracious things to her, which she answered in an absent manner. But the very fact of being obliged to say something enabled her to recover her presence of mind. She looked round and bowed to the persons who were standing near her, and then, as if perceiving her cousin for the first time, she held out her hand to him, and said, "How do you do, Vivian?—I am very glad to see you."

He did not answer at once, and she scarcely ventured to raise her eyes to his. His hand was as cold as ice. At last he said, "And I am also very glad to see you again." His words were about as insignificant as hers, but in his voice there was the very tone which she dreaded to hear, and her embarrassment increased.

The servant announced that dinner was ready. Guy came to Evelyn, and as a matter of course gave her his arm. She took it, scarcely knowing what she was doing. Her head felt burning. Lord Vivian drew back a few steps to let them pass. He did not take any one in to dinner, and came the last into the dining-room. He was sitting exactly opposite to Evelyn and Guy, though at some distance from them. Guy in a low voice begged Evelyn to excuse the rude way in which he had left her in the afternoon, and he did so with a peculiar gentleness of manner which had always something very attractive in it, and more than atoned for the quickness of temper he had so much difficulty in repressing. She hardly knew what reply to make. Her grievances had disappeared in the consciousness of her own faults towards him. Distressed and agitated, she murmured a few words in so unusually sweet and humble a tone that he was subdued in his turn by the charm of her manner. He could not help seeing that she was strangely restless and anxious. He could not imagine what was the reason, and fell into a fit of musing from which Lady Cecilia's voice aroused him. She was asking her nephew a question across the table. Till that moment Guy had not noticed the new comer. He looked at him, and said to Evelyn, "Who is that young man? Is he just arrived? I do not remember having seen him here before."

"He is my cousin, Lord Vivian Lyle," Evelyn answered, blushing deeply, and then she quickly added, "I should have mentioned him to you before."

Guy looked at her with surprise, and then said, "What did you say was his name?"

"Vivian Lyle."

A thought which had glanced through his mind in the morning and, owing to the insignificance of the incident which had suggested it, had been immediately discarded, now occurred to him again. He looked across the table, and to his great surprise met Lord Vivian's eyes, which were steadily fixed upon him. He did not understand the meaning of that gaze, or what business this stranger had to stare at him. There was not anything impertinent in his look, but an earnest, grave, almost stern expression. Guy did not at all feel inclined to be watched in that manner, and when he said to Evelyn, "You have a very striking-looking cousin; I should like to know at once what you said just now you regretted not to have told me before," there was something haughty and imperious in his way of speaking which was not exactly meant for Evelyn, but which she considered as offensive.

If Guy had addressed her in the same tone in which he had apologised to her a few moments before Evelyn might have perhaps replied by a candid and humble avowal, but nettled by his dictatorial manner, she felt her humility and repentance vanish, and coldly answered, "I shall speak when the proper time for it comes. This is neither the place nor the moment for an explanation."

They did not exchange another word during the rest of dinner. Lord Vivian was formally introduced to Guy by Lady Cecilia when they returned to the drawing-room, and after a few insignificant observations each went his own way, Guy to the table where Evelyn was sitting. His eyes fell on Lord Vivian's card; he took it up, and said in a low voice, as he showed it to her, "Is this the name the initials of which are in your prayer-book?"

Evelyn blushed, but never thought of prevaricating. She answered, "Yes," without the least hesitation. Guy's irritated manner had roused her spirit of resistance.

"Then," he gravely replied, "I not only ask, but I feel myself justified in insisting on an explanation; I shall call to-morrow before twelve o'clock, and I hope Lady Cecilia will allow me to see you alone."

The room had gradually filled with company. Guy moved towards the door. As he was going out he saw Lord Vivian standing opposite the sofa where Evelyn was sitting. He was speaking to her, and though her back was turned to Guy he could see by the position of her head that she was attentively listening to her cousin. For one moment he felt inclined to stay and watch, from a distance, this conversation, but it went

against his open disposition to play the part of a secret observer. He gave one parting glance at the beautifully shaped head and graceful figure of his betrothed and at the long ends of red ribbon fastened in her fair hair and streaming down her shoulders, and paused a minute before leaving the room.

He wandered about the streets in a restless mood, and might have remained out all night if he had waited to go home until all the thoughts which that day had awakened had been dismissed from his mind. And yet nothing in the least remarkable had happened since the morning, nothing that anybody but himself had noticed. But to Guy himself that day had been full of the most various emotions. The predominating feeling however, the one which had left the heaviest impression on his mind, was one of acute and indignant jealousy. He did not reflect that if Evelyn had read all his own thoughts she too might have had some reason for a feeling of this kind. But this did not occur to him then, and a painful misgiving, an intolerable mistrust, had converted the suffering he had undergone in the morning into one still more irksome to his nature. Openness of heart and perfect straightforwardness had been through life his chief characteristics. Not only he had never uttered an untruth, but he had never knowingly concealed or disguised his thoughts. At a time when Evelyn looked upon his admiration of her rather in the light of an amusement, she had asked him in a jesting manner if he had ever been in love with Anne, and he had answered her by a sincere and full account of everything that had passed between them before her own arrival at Villiers. He was slow to accuse others of a duplicity he never practised himself, but when a suspicion of the kind arose in his mind it necessarily produced a feeling of contempt. He could not endure to entertain such a feeling as this towards Evelyn, and he turned all his indignation towards the man who had suddenly thrust himself, as it were, between them, and when he thought of the fixed and scrutinizing glance so pertinaciously directed upon himself, the blood rushed to his head and dangerous thoughts passed through his mind.

CHAPTER XLV.

It was in this mood that Guy arrived at the foot of the flight of steps which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinita di Monte. His lodgings were at the top of the hill and looked on one of the most beautiful views of Rome. He threw open his window and sat in his balcony, but the soothing influence of the night and of the scene had no effect on his soul. A storm of bitter and angry thoughts was raging within him. He vainly tried to subdue his impetuous feelings; it was only when he

thought of the altar over which stood the picture of the friend of his childhood that he felt a sense of peace stealing over his mind. He softly murmured her name—her image had opportunely risen before him, for the evil spirit he had resolved to keep at bay, the bane of his life and the ruin of his glory, the hereditary violence which Anne alone seemed to possess the power of subduing, was making desperate efforts to exert its power.

The clock of the neighbouring convent struck five, which according to Italian reckoning meant at that time of the year half-past eleven. Guy started up from his seat on the balcony, but before leaving it he gave one more glance at the view, the beauty of which never palled upon him. In the clear moonlight each building was distinctly visible. The obelisk before the church of the Trinita stood out against the dark blue sky like a white apparition, and seemed to watch over the silent convent. One side of the broad flight of steps was in the shade and the other was illuminated with the brightest light. The noise of a few carriages rolling through the Piazza di Spagna and the more distant sounds from the streets beyond it reached his ears, but near his house all was still. As he was about to shut the window he was surprised to hear footsteps on the stairs of the Piazza, and looking out again he saw the tall figure of a man coming up that way. Guy's face flushed and darkened, for he at once perceived who it was: Evelyn's cousin, Lord Vivian Lyle, the very person whom he had been thinking of with vain efforts to control his anger was actually, he felt sure of it, coming to seek him at that late hour!

Five minutes afterwards the door-bell rang. Guy quietly closed the window and waited. His servant came in with a card in his hand. Before he had time to speak, Guy, having glanced at the card, tore it to pieces, and said, "Shew up Lord Vivian Lyle."

Lord Vivian appeared. He stood still until the servant had gone away; then he went up to Guy and offered to shake hands with him. Guy had resolved not to give way to anger, and to control himself, however great the effort. But he could not conceal what he felt. "Lord Vivian!" he exclaimed, "I really do not know if I ought to shake hands with you. I must tell you that your visit is a surprise to me, that I do not know and I feel anxious as to your reasons for coming here. I fear you have something painful to say to me, and which perhaps I ought not to listen to."

"You need not be afraid of hearing what I am not afraid of saying," Lord Vivian answered. "Depend upon it you can trust me."

This answer, given frankly as the question had been put, satisfied Guy, and the two young men shook hands. They had been perfect strangers to each other until a few short hours before, they were at that moment rivals—almost enemies—they were soon to part, perhaps never to meet again, but they understood

each other. They were kindred spirits. Both of them belonged to that race of high-minded men who exist here and there in this world, and who if they could act in concert might rule it at their will. The calm energy of the one united to the generous impetuosity of the other might have worked wonders. But everything combined to keep them apart, and on this, the first day of their acquaintance, they stood towards each other in the light of adversaries about to enter on a contest more likely than any other to stimulate angry passions, too often fraught with dangerous consequences. Nevertheless when their eyes met they experienced a mutual sense of confidence. Suspicions vanished; they prepared for a struggle, indeed, but a fair and generous one. Guy gave a chair to Lord Vivian, and drew one for himself near the table on which stood the only lamp in the room. He was impatient of delay, and, as the other did not begin, he was the first to break silence. "Will you allow me to inquire," he said, "if it is about Miss Devereux that you wish to speak to me?"

"Of course," Lord Vivian replied, "and I should have thought you must have guessed what I have to say on that subject."

This answer astonished Guy, and, after an instant's hesitation, he replied in a haughty manner, "I suppose, for, as I said before, I know nothing, but I suppose that you wished and expected to marry your cousin, and in that case must of course regret that another has been more fortunate than yourself. But this, if true, does not account, in my mind, for this late visit on the first day of your arrival in Rome."

Lord Vivian's countenance assumed a singular expression. "I am sure that you are quite honest with me," he said, "but I own I am surprised and grieved. . . . Yes, very much grieved," he repeated, rising from his chair, and going to the chimney, where he stood with his back leaning against the mantel-piece and his arms folded on his chest.

"Lord Vivian, you must speak out!" Guy impatiently exclaimed; "I have a right to insist upon it."

"What?" Vivian slowly said. "What?—did Evelyn accept your proposals without saying a word to you about me? Oh, it was wrong—very wrong!"

There was in his voice something so unaffectedly sorrowful that it struck Guy even more than his words. He stood up also and said, "We cannot go on talking in this way. You must understand, Lord Vivian, that I cannot allow you to speak in that way of one who is about to become my wife."

"No, no," Lord Vivian said, in a calm, determined manner, "You cannot marry her; I am here on purpose to prevent it."

Guy had resolved to control his irritation, but it was not strange that at that moment he found it almost impossible to command himself. He turned pale, but said, however, with a forced composure, "Enough of this, Lord Vivian! how is this conversation to end? shall we allow her name to be mixed up in

a quarrel which will be no secret to-morrow if you go on as you are doing?"

"A quarrel?" Lord Vivian replied. "Do you mean a duel? I have reasons for not fighting which I am not afraid of owning, and which as you are I know yourself a Christian you can easily understand. You must agree with me, I think, that to fly in the face of the principles of Christianity by duelling is only excusable in those who are afraid of being thought cowards. And, above all things," he added, in a different tone, "above all things, as you say, her name must not, cannot be brought forward before the world. We are of course of the same mind on that point, for it is a question of acting honourably or dishonourably. I therefore entreat you for her sake to listen to me, and that as calmly as you can."

Guy had not interrupted him, for there was something so simple, so firm, and so free from parade or bravado in his words and manner that he only cared now to hear the truth. He went up to the chimney-piece, where Lord Vivian was still standing, and sitting down on a sofa near it, he said, "Speak, and I will hear to the end what you have to say."

Vivian answered, "It is something very important. I fear I shall offend you, but I cannot act otherwise. I cannot be silent; I cannot go away. I cannot forget, or even try to forget her. I cannot let her marry you." Guy gave a start, but with a strong effort abstained from interrupting him. Lord Vivian went on, "A solemn, sacred engagement freely contracted on both sides exists between Evelyn and me."

Guy exclaimed, "If that is true, give me some proof of it."

"I think you will consider my word sufficient. We have only just made acquaintance, but if you were to give me your word of honour that something was true, I should believe you. I give you my word of honour that what I have stated is the case . . . and I know you believe me."

Guy hid his face in his hands, and with an effort said "Go on."

"This promise is still binding," Vivian continued, "for I have never released her from it. On the contrary, I have come here expressly to claim its fulfilment." Guy said nothing. "And it is for her sake even more than my own that I do so."

"Stop a moment," Guy said in an agitated voice. "I am determined, however much it may cost me, to hear you to the end." His pale face became yet paler, and he added, "I am determined to do so, difficult as I find it; but for God's sake take care what you say. It is but too evident that we have both reason to complain of her. This alone can justify your boldness and my patience, but do not put that patience to too hard a trial."

"I assure you," Lord Vivian quietly replied, "that what I said was not meant in an offensive sense, for my belief is that Evelyn is, in some ways, not worthy of you. You look surprised. Yes, I think so, and yet I love her more even than you do. Either

you do not know her, or, if you do, I am sure you are not happy. I am certain that Evelyn will never make you happy, and in that case she cannot be, and never would be, happy herself with you."

Lord Vivian stopped a moment, and as Guy seemed unable to speak he went on. "As regards myself, my attachment to her may be a misfortune, but it is an inevitable one. Such as she is, I have always loved her and never can love any one else. I am perfectly convinced that I am the only person who can prevent the dangers of her character from leading her into misery, and worse perhaps than misery."

"What is your conclusion?" Guy murmured.

"I leave it to you to draw it," Lord Vivian answered. "I was determined to tell you myself why I have come to Rome, and my determination to do everything in my power to make her adhere to her first promise, and give up an engagement she had no right to make. If I fail, believe me, M. de Villiers, it will be the greatest of misfortunes for her, for you, and for myself."

He moved towards the door. Guy did not reply. For some minutes he had been keeping his handkerchief upon his mouth. Lord Vivian held out his hand to him. He shook it without speaking. As soon as the door had closed on his rival he staggered towards the chimney, and fell back choking on the sofa. The violent and sudden emotions he had gone through, and the desperate efforts he had made to control his passion during this agitating interview, had broken a blood vessel in his chest. The sofa on which he had fallen was covered with blood.

Loomland Papers.

II.—LANCASHIRE FOLK.

HOWEVER trifling the remarks which are thrown together in the following pages may be in themselves, their subject is one that requires neither explanation nor apology. Our readers are not likely to regard the history and character of the people who dwell in the cottages of Blackburn, or Preston, or the moorlands of East Lancashire, as subjects in themselves unworthy of a little attention. We are reminded that they may have a national interest by the words of a statesman, whom we must admire at least for the warmth and breadth of his human sympathy, and who has said that "palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage."

Modern science has taught us how much of the history of every people is recorded in its forms of speech. The dialect of Lancashire is, unfortunately, in great measure an unwritten language, without even a glossary except of a most imperfect kind. The student, therefore, who would make a thorough examination of its nature and relations is obliged at the outset to undertake the difficult task of constructing a grammar and dictionary for himself. This task has been attempted by the Rev. John Davies, who has given us the result of his investigations in a paper which is printed in the *Transactions of the Philological Society* for the year 1855. This interesting paper is necessarily incomplete as a treatise on the dialect, but upon it such speculations on the subject as are here offered will be founded.

The only writer who has adopted the Lancashire dialect in an uncompromising form, is John Collier, or "Tim Bobbin;" and he has done so only in one short dialogue. The following story will assist the reader in forming some notion of the pure Lancashire tongue—

A tayliur, i' Crummil's time, wur thrunk (busy) pooin' turmits in his pingot (croft near the house), an fund an urchon (hedgehog) i' th' hadloont reean (headland gutter of a ploughed field). He glendurt (stared) at 't lung, boh could may nowt on't. He whoav't his whisket oer't (covered it with his whisket), runs whoam, an tells his neighbours he thowt at he'd fund a think at God ne'er made eawt, for it 'd nother yed nor tale, nor hont nor hough, nor midst nor eend! Loath t' believe this, hauve a dozen on um would gu t' see iv they could'n may shift t' gawm it; boh it capt um aw; for they newer a one on um e'er saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a keawncil, an th' eend on 't wur at teyd'n fotch a lawm (lame), fause (clever) owd felly, het (called) an elder, at could tell oyth think, for they look'nt on him as th' hamil-scoance (lantern or light of the village), an thowt him fuller o' leet than a glow-worm. When theyd'n towd him th' case, he stroke't his becart; sowght (sighed); an order 't th' wheelbarrow wi' spon-new trindle (wheel) t' be fotcht. 'Twur done; an they beawn't (bowled) him away to th' urchon in a crack. He glooart (stared) at 't a good while; dried his becart deawn, an wawtud it o'er wi' his crutch. "Wheel me abeawt again, o' th' tother side," said he, "for it sturs, an by that it should be wick." Then he dons his spectacles, stare't at 't again, an sowghin' said, "Breether, its summat: boh feyther Adam nothur did, nor could kersun (christen) it. Wheel mo whoam again."

Without the parenthetical notes the point and humour of this story would be lost upon most of our readers, who, like the "Elder" and his friends, might have been able to come to no clearer conclusion than that "it's summat." "Tim Bobbin," in fact, intended the tale for an allegory; the "tayliur," and his friends represent the public, the "lawm, fause owd felly" the critics, and the "urchon" is Tim's book. But the learned reader, or even the unlearned reader, with the help of Mr. Davies, can discover in this apologue something beyond a good story or an allegory; he may obtain a glimpse into the past history of the county, and even into the condition of the people who inhabited it, long before the first cotton-spinner had raised

an ugly chimney to vomit its black smoke over the hills and solitary moorlands.*

The general interest of an etymological analysis of the dialect lies chiefly in this, that it helps to determine with some certainty, for Lancashire, the proportions in which the different races have there combined, whose amalgamation has formed not only the people of this or any other particular county, but the whole English nation. Such is the nature of the inquiry instituted by Mr. Davies in his paper "On the Races of Lancashire as indicated by the Local Names and the Dialect of the County."

No part of this paper will be more interesting and novel to the majority of readers than that which proves, from an analysis of the local names and the dialect, that after the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon rule throughout the country, a considerable Celtic population, and that of the Cymraic or Welsh race, was left in Lancashire. Most Lancashire men will probably be surprised to find that they are so nearly akin to their Welsh neighbours. The fight between Celt and Saxon has for many years excited a good deal of warm feeling on both sides, and Mr. Davies, judging from his name, may be a partisan. He seems, however, to have studied the dialect with much care, and the conclusion to which he has come is that as many as one sixth of the dialectic words are of Celtic origin. It is clearly unsafe to draw conclusions simply

* Two or three words from the passage cited will explain my meaning. *Glendur* is an uncouth, incomprehensible word. But who has not seen the mob *gaping* at a Lord Mayor's show, or at some equally imposing sight? And the dictionary says that a secondary meaning of *gape* is to stare in wonder, its primary meaning to open the mouth wide. Now in Anglo-Saxon, *gendrian* meant to swallow, and *gleuna* in Old Norse, to stretch asunder, to open; it can, therefore, scarcely be doubted that the Lancashire peasant has inherited the word *glendur* directly from his Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who were probably the first to settle upon and cultivate the hill-side on which his cottage stands. So, too, the word *gloor* is lost to the English language, though there is in all probability a relic of it in *glare*, but it has lived in the remote recesses of Lancashire, and the Dutchman still uses the word *gluuren* in a similar sense of, to leer, to ogle. Mr. Davies refers *whoaze*, to cover over, to the Danish *hoalle*, which means to arch over; and as to *trindle* there is still less doubt, as we have the Old Friesian *trind*, meaning round, and the Anglo-Saxon *terndel*, a circle. Most probably in these four words there are traces of as many races, whom the Lancashire folk must claim amongst their ancestors—the Saxon, the Friesian, the Angle, and the Dane.

from the names of places as to the origin and race of the population in the country where such names occur; the Celtic names of Lancashire prove nothing more than that a Celtic race was once settled there. Taken, however, with the dialectic words of Celtic origin they are of more importance, and in many cases their etymology is in itself interesting. A curious instance of a name, which contains almost an abstract of our history in itself, is that of Pendle Hill, the highest of the Lancashire hills, lying on the north-eastern boundary of the county, not far from Clitheroe. It is celebrated in a jingling rhyme—

Pendle Hill, and Penigent, and little Ingleborough,
Are three such hills as you'll not find by seeking England thorough.

The first syllable of the name is the Welsh *pen*, which means a summit and appears frequently in the names of Welsh mountains. The second syllable, a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hull*, which is our own *hill*, shows that the Saxon settlers found the *pen*, and called it Pen hull; this has been shortened into Pendle. The meaning of the name has been a second time forgotten and a third *hill* has been added. Camden, early in the seventeenth century, uses the name Pendle Hill. The Celts in Lancashire, as elsewhere, have given names not so much to the towns or habitations of men as to the natural features of the country. Coniston Old Man, which affords a curious instance of a false etymology, is a corruption of the Celtic *alt maen*, lofty hill: the first part of this name appears also in the Allt Hill, near Oldham. The names of all the larger rivers of Lancashire are Celtic. They exhibit an appreciation of natural beauty which is characteristic of the Celtic genius. The Irk is the roebuck, in Welsh, *iwrch*; the Darwen is the white or beautiful river; the Welsh *dwr*, river, appears in the names of several Lancashire streams, as the Derwent, the Hodder, and the Calder. The Wyre is the pure, fresh, lively; in Welsh, *gwyr*. The Douglas, which flows through Wigan into the estuary of the Ribble, is the dark sea-green, from the Welsh *du*, black, and *glas*, a greenish blue. As to the dialect, it is quite clear, from the list given by Mr. Davies, that a

considerable portion of it is of Celtic origin; and it is equally clear, from the want of intercourse between Lancashire and Wales down to a comparatively recent period, from the nature of that intercourse since it commenced, and from the ancient and universal use of the words themselves, that they have not been introduced by any immigration of Welsh since the Anglo-Saxon period, but that they are native to the Lancashire people, a consequence as well as a proof of the ancient Celtic element in the population. The following are a few chosen from the many Celtic words in common use throughout the county. *Awse* of *oss*, to offer, from the Welsh *osi*, to offer to do;* *boggart*, a ghost, from the Welsh *bwg*, to scare; *braggot*, spiced ale, from the Welsh *bragawd*; *brat*, an apron, from the Welsh or Gaelic *brat*; *farrant*, respectable, good, probably from the Gaelic *farranta*, stout, brave, generous; and *purr*, to kick, from the Gaelic *purr*, to push, thrust.

Celtic Lancashire must have been much the same desolate waste of hill, swamp, and forest, which it continued to be for centuries later. The dialectic words of Celtic origin perhaps give some insight into the social state of its inhabitants. The words *byes*, beasts or cattle, *croo*, a crib for cattle, *braggot*, spiced ale, *lithe*, to thicken broth with meal, *ted*, to spread new-mown hay, show that they must have had some skill in farming; other words show that they were able to make vessels of earthenware and wood, *boggart* would seem to indicate the superstitious disposition of the race, and there are other words which perhaps prove that they were able to construct water-mills. On the whole, however, it seems clear that they had made only the first steps towards the acquisition of the arts of civilisation.

At first sight it may appear difficult to discover any traces of a Celtic influence in the Lancashire character. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has applied his critical and appreciative mind to the study of the Celtic character, says that "the Celtic genius has sentiment as its main

* In French, *essayer*, from which we have taken what we may call a second-hand form of the Lancashire word, *essay*.

basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality, for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect." The popular idea of the Lancashireman has certainly but little in common with these characteristics; his virtues as well as his vices seem, *primâ facie* at least, inconsistent alike with the excellence and the defect thus described by Mr. Arnold. First appearances, however, are proverbially deceptive, and further consideration will, perhaps, favour the supposition that the Lancashire character owes some of its most distinguishing traits to the Celtic element in the race. Sentiment is said to be the basis of the Celtic genius. Now, a decided tendency to sentimentality may be detected in the Lancashire character. Sentimentality is here intended to bear its broader, not its more unfavourable and narrower sense. In his love of home and home-life, in the force of his domestic affections, the Lancashire man is decidedly sentimental. The native literature, which we have admired, is full of sentiment; it may be sometimes false sentiment, but more frequently it is true and admirable, as in those pretty songs which were quoted at considerable length in the first of these papers, and from which we should be ashamed to take any further extracts. And this literature does not express merely the feeling and thought of its authors; its wide popularity shows that its sentiment and opinions are the sentiment and opinions of the people of Lancashire. Many examples of the sentimental side of the Lancashire character occur in the history of the political agitation which disturbed the county between 1816 and 1821. Parliamentary Reform is not usually treated as a poetical subject, and the sentiment of the Reform League is unmistakably Teutonic. The reader of Bamford's *Life of a Radical* will find there frequent instances of a sentiment very different in its character. We have nothing to do here with the objects of these agitations, which were in many cases unquestionably lawless and outrageous; we are considering them merely as they exhibit traits of the popular character. Take the description of the drillings in 1819, which, we ought to premise, are said by Mr. Bamford to have been instituted merely to conduce to the order and decorum.

of the large public meetings which were contemplated at that time—

These drillings were also, to our sedentary weavers and spinners, periods of healthful exercise and enjoyment. . . . When dusk came, and we could no longer see to work, we jumped from our looms, and rushed to the sweet cool air of the fields, or the waste lands, or the green lane-sides. We mustered, we fell into rank, we faced, marched, halted, faced about, counter-marched, halted again, dressed, and wheeled in quick succession, and without confusion; or, in the grey of a fine Sunday morn, we would saunter through the mists, fragrant with the night odour of flowers and of new hay, and ascending the Tandle Hills, salute the broad sun, as he climbed from behind the high moors of Saddleworth. . . . Maidens would sometimes come with their milk-cans from the farms of Ouzle-wood and Gerard-hey, or Thornham-fold, near us, and we would sit and take delicious draughts, new from the churn, for which we paid the girls in money. . . . Next would follow a long drill, in squads; and so expert were the youths, that they would form a line and march down the face, or up the steep, or along the side of the Rush-penny, and, suddenly halting, would dress in an instant, in a manner which called forth the praises of the old campaigners. Then, when they broke for a little rest, would follow a jumping match, or a race, or a friendly wrestle, or a roll down the hill, amid the laughter of others sitting in the sun. . . . And so till the bugle sounded to drill, and, after that, away to breakfast.*

The Celtic genius is said to have for its excellence, love of beauty, charm, and spirituality. It is impossible to become at all acquainted with the literature of Lancashire without observing the love of natural beauty which it unceasingly displays. This feeling leads Mr. Waugh into many pages of fine writing, which might, perhaps, be omitted without impairing the literary excellence of his works, but which seem undoubtedly to be effusions of a genuine enthusiasm. And here, again, the same observations will apply which have been made above. Mr. Waugh, consciously or unconsciously, fills his books with descriptions of Lancashire scenery, because he lives amongst people, and is writing for people, who like such descriptions and love such scenery. It is not uncommon to find men who, thinking of Lancashire only as a

* *Passages in the Life of a Radical.* By S. Bamford, p. 144.

manufacturing district and a coal country, imagine it to be a land of desolation and ugliness. Any one who has wandered in Ribblesdale when the sun was just sinking behind the dark Longridge Fells, and, looking eastwards over the mists of the valley, has seen Pendle clothed in the glory of the sunset, will be able to correct such misconceptions. There are the factory chimneys and the smoke of Clitheroe in this scene, but it is very beautiful nevertheless. And it is not necessary to travel so far from Manchester as to the banks of the Ribble in order to delight the eye with fine scenery; it has already been said that, in the very heart of the manufacturing district, there is a beauty of hill and dale and moorland, which steam and coal-smoke have not as yet been able to destroy. The country is not richly wooded, the timber is stunted, and there are wide tracts where scarcely a tree is to be seen; the hills are often bleak and desolate, but there is a charm even in a wildness such as this; and the Lancashire peasant, amidst scenes of richer beauty, may, like Acton Bell, yearn for that home—

Where scarce the scattered stunted trees
Can yield an answering swell,
But where a wilderness of heath
Returns the sound as well.*

Perhaps one of the modes in which the love of natural beauty displays itself amongst the Lancashire people is their fondness for the study of botany. It is not unusual for the operatives of a cotton factory, whose cottages are within reach of the fields, to institute classes of botany; and in the summer, on one or two evenings in the week, to meet together and ramble through the country, collecting specimens and pursuing their studies. But botany is not the only science which is popular in Lancashire cottages. Mr. Waugh says that an enthusiastic attachment to science "is a very common characteristic of the native working-people of Lancashire, among whom, in proportion to the population, there is an extraordinary number of well-read and practised mechanics, botanists, musicians, and mathe-

* *Poems*. By Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Philadelphia, 1848, p. 39.

maticians ; and the booksellers, even in the country towns of the county, know that any standard works upon these subjects, and some upon divinity, are sure to find a large and steady sale among the operative class."* The musical tastes of the working people of Lancashire are well known. When an oratorio is performed at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, the people gather thither from all parts of South-East Lancashire, and even from the border towns of Yorkshire. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the power-loom, of whom more must be said hereafter, was a good mathematician and a skilful musician, Handel and Corelli being his favourite composers. His parents, who were in humble circumstances, had certainly given him a solid though plain education, but his mathematical and musical attainments were the fruits of his own industry and genius. Another prevailing taste amongst the Lancashire people is a love of poetry. Mr. Waugh tells of a lame hostler, at a lonely inn near the top of Blackstone Edge, who supplied the termination of a passage of Burns, which Mr. Waugh and a friend, who was accompanying him, were in vain trying to remember. This love of nature, of music, of poetry, and possibly, also, the taste for science, may be indications of that which Mr. Arnold calls the spirituality of the Celtic genius. There may, perhaps, also be something Celtic in the quickness of perception and imaginative power, which have enabled Lancashire spinners and weavers to make some of the most useful, and, in their effects, certainly most wonderful inventions which the world has seen. Mere quickness of perception, however, could not have attained such wonderful results, had it not been assisted by a perseverance and industry which were decidedly Teutonic.

With one further remark we must pass from the consideration of Lancashire Celtism. Mr. Arnold says that the Protestantism of Wales "is not the controversial, rationalistic, intellectual side of Protestantism, but the devout, emotional, religious side." He also says, with that flippancy which sometimes disfigures his otherwise admirable style, that the Welsh have exchanged one super-

* *Sketches of Lancashire Life*, p. 141.

stitution for another, by which he means that in Wales Catholicity has disappeared and Methodism succeeded to it throughout the country. Now the point of these observations is almost equally applicable to Lancashire and to Wales. As Methodism has spread though Wales, so too has it taken root in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire; and in those parts of Lancashire which are not manufacturing, as also in some of the manufacturing districts, a large proportion of the population remains Catholic.

From the evidence afforded by the Lancashire dialect, and by such historical records as throw any light on the subject, corroborated by the present character of the people, Mr. Davies infers that, after the establishment of the Anglo-Saxons in the country, as much as one-fourth of the population of Lancashire was Celtic of the Cymraic race. There appear to be substantial grounds for this conclusion; but whether the proportion of Celts was, or was not, so large as Mr. Davies thinks, it is certain that the larger and more important element in the dialect, as in the character and race, was and is Teutonic. A very few remarks, however, must suffice on this subject.

As to the Anglo-Saxon names of places Mr. Davies says "that few local names in Lancashire end with terms expressive of the union of unrelated families in the formation of what we now call a 'town,' or 'municipality,' such as *borough* (A. S., *byrig*, *burg*, a fortified town); *thorpe*, Old Norse, *thyrping* (congregatio);—or *byr*, *by*, properly the town or village, as distinct from the castle (Danish, *by*; Old Norse, *byr*). They are usually formed from words expressing objects in natural scenery, as *wood*, *shaw*, *lea*, *mere*, *hill*, *holt* (wood), and *moor*; or of words indicating a single homestead, with its enclosure, such as *ham*, *worth*, *bodel*, *sall*, *cote*, and *ton*, originally an enclosed place or homestead. . . . This fact indicates that Lancashire was but thinly inhabited in the Anglo-Saxon age. There were few towns, in the modern sense of the word. Separate farm-houses, with their out-offices, and a few huts for the 'churls' or servants, were the chief features in the scene, and in the wild moorlands, of which a large part of the county consisted of old, these would appear only at distant intervals."*

A name of some interest, as perhaps throwing light upon an obscure and interesting tradition, is that of Wigan. The Old Saxon *wig* meant a battle, and Wigan, therefore,

* *Transactions of the Philological Society* 1855, p. 262.

may be translated the town of battles. According to Nennius, four of King Arthur's battles were fought on the the River Douglas; and we all know what Sir Launcelot told Sir Lavaine:—

And Launcelot spoke
And answer'd him at full, as having been
With Arthur in the fight which all day long
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
And in the four wild battles by the shore
Of Duglas.*

Mr. Whitaker says that at different periods, remains, apparently marking the sites of ancient battlefields, have been discovered in the neighbourhood of Wigan; and there is a local tradition that King Arthur fought several battles with the Saxons on the banks of the Douglas, which flows through the town. Did the Saxons call the town or village Wigan in memory of the "four wild battles by the shore of Duglas?"

Before passing from the subject of the dialect we may add that its Scandinavian or Danish element is, according to Mr. Davies, larger than that of common English; whereas, on the other hand, the Norman-French words which it contains are very few and unimportant. Of such race, however, as they might be, Celt, Anglo-Saxon, Dane, or Norman, the Lancashire peasantry continued for centuries, without material change in their condition, to till their wild and comparatively unknown land, raising their thin crop of oats, and feeding their little flocks on the solitary hill sides. There was little to disturb the monotony of their simple lives, except perhaps when they were led out to battle under the banner of a Lacy or a Stanley; as when at Flodden Field—

All Lancashire, for the most part,
The lusty Stanley stout did lead—
A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wigan unto Wiresdale,
From Wedicar to Waddington,
From Old Ribchester to Rachdale.

* Tennyson. *Idyls of the King*, p. 162.

From Poulton and Preston with pikes
 They with the Stanley forth stout went ;
 From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,
 For battle bill-men bold were bent.

With fellows fresh and fierce in fight,
 Which Horton fields turned out in scores ;
 With lusty lads, liver and light,
 From Blackburn and Bolton-i'-the-Moors.*

We have evidence of social progress in the county during the Tudor period in the old houses of that date, which are to be found on the banks of the rivers, and in almost every sheltered valley of Lancashire. Degraded into farmhouses, or transferred to the new aristocracy, they are now but relics of the old life of the county. But notwithstanding this apparent increase of wealth and population, Camden said, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that he approached the Lancashire people with a kind of aversion. "However," he continued, "not to seem wanting to the county, I will run the hazard of the attempt, hoping that that divine assistance will not fail me, which hath hitherto favoured me." He seems to have become more reconciled to the county on a further acquaintance, for he says, "As for the goodness of this county, we see it in the very complexion of the natives, who are exceedingly well-formed and comely." A curious picture of the life of a Lancashire squire in Camden's time is presented by the journal of Nicholas Assheton, Esq.† This gentleman, who died in the year 1625, was Lord of the Manor of Downham, in North-East Lancashire. The site of the manor-house is thus described by Mr. Whitaker: "On a limestone soil, and with a foreground diversified by all that soft and swelling inequality of surface which distinguish the face of Craven, it commands a long and beautiful sweep of Ribblesdale to the west; and by a small alteration in the disposition of the apartments, might command another, perhaps more striking, northward, almost to the source of the Ribble and to Penigent. The great mass of Pendle, to

* "The Battle of Flodden Field," a Poem of the Sixteenth Century. See *Historical Society of Lancashire and Cheshire Proceedings and Papers*, v., p. 188.

† See publications of the Cheetham Society. Vol. xiv.

the south, is not too near to exclude any portion of light and sunshine, and yet near enough to exhibit with distinctness a form more majestic than it assumes from any other point."* The following passages tell the history of three days of Mr. Assheton's life, and give a fair notion of its ordinary course, as recorded by himself in his journal—

Sunday, 22.—Pson preached morn. and aft. Rad. Assheton christened; young Mr. Sherborne, of Stonyhurst, Mr. Talbot, Salesbury, godfs. : Cooz. Braddyl, Portfield, godmother.

June 23.—Downham. Ther one came to us in the strete, and asked if we heare nothing of a bay gelding, stolen from Mr. Holte's, Castleton, by the miller ther, and one silver bowle and eighteen silver spoones. I took him to thalehouse, and spent *xiid.* on him. I lent him *iis.* Hee was a cheate.

June 24.—To Worston Woode. Tried for ye fox; found nothing. Towler lay at a rabbit, and wee stayed, and wrought, and took her. Home to Downham. A foote-race."†

Mr. Assheton belonged to the Puritan party, which had appeared in the county in his time, but his Puritanism had little influence on his ordinary life. We read of his "asshe-cullord close" and his "greene doublet," we find him fox-hunting (once with the parson), and gambling, and, worse still, he tells us frequently that he was "merrie," "verrie merrie," "more than merrie," "merrie as Robin Hood and all his fellowes," "foolish," and even "too foolish." A custom, strangely incompatible with modern ideas, is alluded to in the entry for May 12th: "Father Greenacres, mother, Aunt Besse, John, wyffe, self, at ale. Sp. *ivd.*" We have here three ladies and three gentlemen, all "county people," enjoying themselves at the ale-house. Again, on July 22nd: "Father, brother, pson to Clitheroe Fair. Coz. Assheton there—Coz. Ralph Assheton of Middleton. Sp. *xviiiid.*" On July 25th: "St. James Day. At Whalley: ther a rush-bearing, but much less solemnitie than formerlie. Sp. *xiid.* This night was Laun. Ward somewhat pleasant. Extreame heate." It seems, however, that it has been usual for the gentlemen of the neighbourhood to assist in the merriment of the rush-bearing at

* Whitaker's *History of Whalley*. Third Edit., p. 297.

† *The Journal of Nicholas Assheton*. Cheetham Society, vol. xiv., p. 15.

Whalley down to a comparatively recent period.* The air of Downham appears to have been favourable to rustic marry-making; May-games were still celebrated there when they had been forgotten in all the neighbouring villages. We are told that the last May-queen of Downham is still living at Burnley.

A committee of young men made the selection; then an iron crown was procured and dressed with flowers. The king and queen were ornamented with flowers, a procession was then formed, headed by a fiddler. This proceeded from the inn to the front of "Squire Assheton's," Downham Hall, and was composed of javelin men, and all the attendants of royalty. Chairs were brought out of the hall for the king and queen, ale was handed round, and then a dance was performed on the lawn, the king and queen leading off.†

The life of a modern country gentleman is very different from that of Mr. Assheton, still this journal brings us unmistakably into a modern atmosphere. There are a few reminiscences of a ruder age, but on the whole the manners of Mr. Assheton and his friends are not very unlike those of men whose children are still living. There is one circumstance, however, in the history of Nicholas Assheton, which discloses a story of Lancashire life, much more akin to the hideous rites of Danish superstition which were celebrated of old in the solitudes of Pendle than to the habits and feelings of modern society.‡ From the Assheton pedigree we find that Richard, the elder brother of Nicholas Assheton, died in the lifetime of his father, "said to be bewitched to death." For being concerned in the death of this young man and others, twenty persons, inhabitants of the Forest of Pendle and its neighbour-

* The Rev. F. R. Raines appends the following note to the above passage in the journal: "The late R. G. Lomax, Esq., was in the habit of staying at Whalley, on the 5th of August, on his annual return from Stonyhurst 'Academy day,' and, along with Mr. Adam Cottam, endeavoured to keep alive the taste for old English sports; but the festival gradually declined, and within the last two years, St. James' Day, the rush cart, and the festival, have altogether ceased in Whalley." This was written about 1848.

† *Lancashire Folk Lore.* By John Harland, F.S.A., and T. J. Wilkinson, F.R.A.S., p. 248.

‡ The Rev. J. Davies makes this inference from the occurrence of the name lunt, lund, and laund, in Danish, *lund*, a consecrated grove.

hood, were brought to trial at the Lancaster assizes before Sir Edward Bromley, on the 17th of August, 1612. Ten of these unfortunate wretches, Ann Whittle, a decrepit old woman of eighty, and her daughter, Elizabeth Device, a beggar-woman, and her daughter and son, an imbecile boy, Alice Nutter, a lady well-connected and wealthy, with four others, were condemned to death and executed at Lancaster on the 20th of August, 1612. This is not the only story of witchcraft connected with the Assheton family; in 1630 a man was hanged at Lancaster for having bewitched to death a son of Ralph Assheton, Esq., of Middleton. But the details of these wretched histories are too revolting to dwell upon; we agree with the author of the *Iter Lancastrense*—

I long to climb up Pendle : Pendle stands
Round cop, surveying all the wild moor lands,
And Malkin's Tower, a little cottage, where
Report makes caitiff witches meet, to swear
Their homage to the devil, and contrive
The deaths of men and beasts. Let who will dive
Into this baneful search. I wonder much
If judges' sentence with belief on such
Doth pass : then sure they would not for lewd gain
Bad clients favour
. . . . Yet I do confess
Needs must strange fancies poor old wives possess,
Who in those desert, misty moors do live,
Hungry and cold, and scarce see Priest to give
Them ghostly counsel.*

Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century an old woman of the township of Chowbent was committed for trial on a charge of witchcraft, but she died in prison before the assizes. Traces of old superstition are still to be found in Lancashire; the witch has been succeeded by the wise-woman, who casts nativities, sells charms, and deals in medicinal herbs, and there is many a haunted spot, where the reign of the boggart is undisputed. The Grizelhurst boggart is well known from Mr. Waugh's story, "for there isn't a boggart i' Lancashire 'at 's war to manage nor this, when it leets o' folk 'at it doesn't tak to; noather Clegg Ho' boggart, nor Heywood

* See *Lancashire Folk Lore*, p. 204.

Ho' boggart, nor th' Baum Rappit i' Rachda', nor th' Skrikin' Woman, nor Nut Nan th' wood-tenter, nor Radcliffe Shag, nor noan o' thoose i' Pendle Forest—an' there's some quare uns theer, they sen."

However, witch and boggart have seen their day in Lancashire, and there will soon be no harbour left them throughout the length and breadth of the county. Even when the wretched old women, who ended their days on the gallows in Lancaster, were dabbling in their infernal arts, and deceiving themselves and their neighbours in the wild recesses of Pendle forest, the germs had been planted in the neighbourhood of their lonely homes, whose development has since so completely transformed the face of the county. We must withhold for another article, in continuation of this, what we have to say as to the origin and development of the manufacturing industry of Lancashire, which will involve a subject not devoid of practical interest and importance—the state of the working-people of Lancashire at the present day.

A Life of Ten Years.

PART III.

I.

THE courts of Europe, except that of Madrid, had done little to avert the blow which in the person of Louis had fallen on all the crowned heads of the West. But the horror which it produced strengthened the coalition against France. In England, public mourning was ordered, and the French Ambassador was given his passports. Russia immediately accredited a minister at the court of the Comte de Provence, who had assumed the regency of France, and ordered all French subjects to leave Russian territory. Prussia, Naples, and Spain, the Papal Court, and of course Austria, joined in a protest against the French Convention. Nor were the United States the least sincere of the protesters. There the funeral bells rang in all the parishes on the day that the news of the regicide arrived.

Louis the XVII. was proclaimed King by the new Regent, and copies of his declaration were largely circulated in France, where, in Lyons, Toulon, Normandy, and the western Provinces, the heir of Louis XVI. had faithful subjects. The Convention met by strong measures the threatening storms both within and without the French frontier. On the 5th of February, the suppression of all money bearing the royal effigy was decreed; on the 8th, the "Septembriseurs," guilty of the prison massacres, were excused from further prosecution; on the 9th, the Paris militia was ordered to march to the frontier; on the 11th, all prisoners detained for bread, or other, riots, were amnestied; on the 13th, the Republican organisation of the armies was decreed; and on the 24th, a levy of three hundred thousand men was ordered. Now began that marvellous activity of the Convention, which in eleven months issued two thousand and odd decrees, and which defied with success the Coalition and the Vendéan attempt to restore the monarchy. But the death-struggle of the rival leaders of the Republic had also begun. The radical differences in the schemes of the Girondists and Jacobins became evident when the Republic had sprung into full being. The Convention was torn by jealousies.

Meantime, the calm of desolation had fallen on the Temple since the King's death. After the interview with her husband, which at the time she did not know would be the last, the Queen had lain dressed on her bed, shivering all night with the chill of grief. Her sister and daughter lay on a mattress by her side. When the morning came, the noises without acquainted them with the preparations for the King's removal. Then the increased hurry announced his actual departure. The Dauphin broke from the group of imploring and agonised women, and ran from one official to another begging them to let him go out. "Where to?" he was asked. "To speak to the people, that they may not put papa King to death." At last the cries of the rabble announced the death of Louis to his widow. She asked to see Clery, and hear from him the details of her husband's last hours, but her request was denied. For three days and nights she sat silent and sleepless, then her daughter fell ill, and the fresh care relieved her sorrow. "Happily grief made me worse," writes Madame Royale, "and my illness occupied my mother."

The captivity of the family became somewhat less severe after the King's death. The Princesses were given suitable mourning, and when some alterations were necessary in it they were allowed to see the persons who made them, but only in presence of the municipal officers. One of the workwomen wrote afterwards to Madame de Tourzel: "Monseigneur, the Dauphin, whose age excused playfulness, asked me under the pretence of a game all the questions which the royal family wished. He ran sometimes to me, sometimes to the Queen, to the two princesses, and even to the municipal on service. Each time he came near me he took care to ask me a question about the persons in whom the royal family were interested. He desired me to kiss you for him as well as Mademoiselle de Tourzel, forgetting none of those whom he loved; and he played his part so well that no one could have guessed that he had spoken to me."

When the paralysing shock of the King's death had in some degree passed away, the Queen and Madame Elisabeth set themselves to fill his place in instructing his son. The lessons which Louis had given were resumed, even that in Latin, of which the Queen was not ignorant. In common with her sisters, the Arch-duchesses of Austria, Marie Antoinette had learnt the language of the Cæsars. She left touching witness to the fact in the words she wrote on a copy of the King's defence which had been brought to her—*Oportet unum mori pro populo*. There

were plans made for the Queen's escape, but they brought nothing but trouble on the unfortunate family in the Temple. Two of the municipal officers were concerned in one of the schemes, which might possibly have succeeded. But she refused to leave her children, and flight with them was impossible under the strict surveillance of the Commune. Even had she reached the German frontier, or La Vendée, it is doubtful if Marie Antoniette could have reaped benefits worth the agony of separation from her children if left as hostages in the hands of the Convention. Her deliverance might perhaps have disturbed the diplomacy of the Powers, just then occupied by the partition of Poland. No pleadings of hers could have altered the purposes of those who were, as they thought, gainers by the French revolution. Better for her were even the indignities of the Temple, better even the terrible consummation of her sufferings, than the hypocrisies and heartburnings which would have met the Queen at the court of the Regent, her brother-in-law.

The defection of Dumouriez, with other events, soon directed fresh attention to the Temple. The precautions against the escape of the prisoners were increased. Tison, the attendant of the Queen's apartment, who had been appointed by the Commune, was seized with a fit of spite because his daughter was not admitted to the Tower. He denounced the municipals who had shown respect to the Princesses, and declared that he had seen a pencil drop from the Queen's pocket, and that he had found in a box some wafers and a pen. At half-past ten on the following night, Hébert and several officers of the Commune arrived at the prison. A strict search was made, but after three hours' labour no suspicious articles were found, unless it were some blotting powder and an old hat of the late King's which Madame Elisabeth had kept in memory of her brother. The more respectful municipals were dismissed for their want of *Civisme*, and better representatives of the Commune were chosen for the service of the Temple. "I never heard of giving a table or a chair to prisoners," said one of the new municipals, taking the young King's seat at dinner, "Straw is good enough for them."

In the beginning of May the boy fell ill. The Queen asked that M. Brunyer, the usual doctor of her children, might be sent for, but after long deliberation on her request it was decreed by the Commune that the physician of the prisons, M. Thierry, should attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be "offensive to equality to send any other to him."

II.

The Prince's illness was troublesome. For some time he had complained of a pain in his side, and on the sixth of May he was attacked by fever and headache. There was reason for great anxiety about the medicines necessary for him, as on a former occasion they had brought on violent convulsions. At this time, however, the effect was favourable. "He had only," writes Madame Royale, "some attacks of fever from time to time, and his pain in the side often." His health then began to decline, and it never afterwards recovered. The want of air and exercise had done him great harm, as well as the sort of life led by the poor child who, at eight years old, found himself in the midst of perpetual shocks, and scenes of continual emotion and terror. The sufferings of the boy, however, were of small interest to the nation while the downfall of the Girondists and the victory of the Jacobins divided France into hostile camps. Terror and suspicion were gaining supreme power, and no man thought of the Temple prisoners, except as possible causes of danger. Rumours of any plot were sure to be listened to by the desperate men who were in power. The extreme watchfulness and *Civisme* of the municipal Simon when on service in the Temple, earned the approbation of his patron Robespierre. He communicated to the Jacobin chief anonymous warnings which he had received, or pretended to have received, of a conspiracy for the removal of the prisoners. The Committee of Public Safety readily believed the plot, and by two decrees of the first of July, it was ordered that "the young Louis, son of Capet, should be separated from his mother and placed in another apartment, the best guarded of all in the Temple," and also "that the son of Capet, when separated from his mother, should be put in charge of a tutor to be chosen by the General Council of the Commune."

On the 3rd of July these decrees were executed. It was nearly ten o'clock when six municipals appeared at the door of the Queen's apartment and told her that her son was to be taken from her. "Gentlemen," she said, with difficulty checking the feverish trembling of her lips, "the Commune cannot contemplate my separation from my son; my care is so necessary for him." The order was repeated. In vain the wretched mother and the aunt and sister implored respite, and wringing their hands knelt at the feet of the officials. "What is the good of all this noise?" they said. But the Queen was desperate; she would not give up her son, and tried to keep the men from the bed in which he lay.

They threatened to bring up the guard and take him away by force. A struggle seems even to have begun, which awoke the boy. He saw what was happening and flung himself into his mother's arms, entreating her not to leave him. The municipals turned away to summon help, when Madame Elisabeth cried "Not that! only leave him till morning, when he will be given up." But the municipals were inflexible; they threatened the Queen so plainly to kill both her children if they were thwarted, that for love of them she was forced to yield. Madame Elisabeth and his sister dressed the sobbing boy, for the Queen had no more strength. But when he was ready, she took him and placed him in the hands of the rough insolent workmen to whom the Commune had given their misplaced authority. The child was wet with his mother's tears, for she felt that she should see him no more. But she gathered up firmness to entreat that the municipals should ask the Council for leave that she should see her son if it were only at meal times. Then the boy kissed his mother, aunt, and sister very tenderly, and went out with the men. The three women were left to their renewed desolation, to be embittered when the Queen heard that the insolent shoemaker, Simon, already known by her as one of the most brutal of the municipals, was to have the charge of her tender child. From that time the courage of the bereaved Queen gave way. There was no light in her eyes, no smile changed her set, sad features. Fortunately, after the removal of the little Prince, the presence of a municipal in the Queen's apartment seemed no longer necessary to the government. The Princesses were only visited three times a day by the guard who brought them food. No attendants were allowed to them. The hereditary King of France was taken to the floor below his mother's, where his father's apartment had been, and left with Simon. He did not immediately recognise the face of his new instructor, but by his voice and manner he quickly knew his appointed master.

The truth of M. de Beauchesne's account of the Simon household has been questioned, but there appears no satisfactory reason to distrust the sources from which he has drawn his information. M. de Beauchesne received personally from three women, who had been acquainted with Simon and his wife, the details which he publishes. One of these was an intelligent work-girl who had seen Madame Simon occasionally during the imprisonment of the Prince. She had preserved some notes of her friend's gossip about the Temple prisoners, and was able to supply M. de Beauchesne with particulars of the Simon tutorship as yet

unpublished. As her relation is perfectly consistent with known facts, there is no occasion to examine her contributions to the history of Louis XVII. in a hostile spirit, and M. de Beauchesne is entitled to our trust when there are no contradictions or discrepancies in his story.

Antoine Simon was a journeyman shoemaker, fifty-seven years of age. Before the Revolution he had been a tolerably good humoured, though never a prepossessing, man. He was sufficiently well off, for he had in 1788 married a woman of his own age who had been in service, and to whom two small pensions had been left by two of her employers. By birth she was an uneducated peasant. Husband and wife were both short, dark, and ugly in appearance, and both exaggerated the dirty fashions of the Republic. When the disturbances of Paris began, Simon joined the Cordelier Club and became the fanatic disciple of Marat, near whose den he lived. He was President of the Committee of his Section, and by the favour of *l'Ami du peuple* he was recognised as a trusty instrument of the revolutionists. His conduct towards the prisoners of the Temple earned for him the approval not only of Robespierre, but of Marat. He was selected as the best available agent in the "management" of the "little Capet." Twenty pounds a month was given to him in return for his unremitting service; and his wife also was allowed a hundred and twenty pounds a year. She had, moreover, the triumph of a carriage drive to the Hotel de Ville provided for her by sympathising citizens on the occasion of her husband's appointment.

It was late when his pupil was brought to Simon; we only know, of that first night, that the boy sat in the furthest corner of the room and hardly replied to the imperious questioning of his master. For two days he refused all food but a little bread, and during this time he was generally silent, though sometimes a flash of anger lighted up his features. He said to the municipals on one of the first days of his new condition, "I desire to know what is the law which orders you to separate me from my mother, and imprison me. Show me that law, I desire to see it." "Hold thy peace—thou art impertinent, Capet," retorted Simon. The poor boy's first resistance did not last beyond two days. After that he put himself to bed and dressed himself without further orders. He did not cry nor speak. "So, little Capet," said Simon, "thou art dumb; I must teach thee to speak, to sing the Carmagnole, and to cry hurrah for the Republic!" "If I said all I think," said the boy, "you would believe I was mad. I hold

my tongue because I have too much to say." "Ah, ah! master Capet has too much to say, that sounds mighty aristocratic; but I will form thee, I will teach thee progress and novelties!" One day Simon offered his pupil a jew's-harp saying, "Thy she-wolf of a mother and thy aunt play the harpsichord—thou shalt accompany them—what a fine row there will be!" The boy's refusal to take the toy gained for him his first blows. They roused in him fiercer resistance. "You must not beat me," he said, "for you are stronger than I am, but you may punish me if I am wrong." "I am here to order you, beast; I do what I like, and hurrah for liberty and equality!"

On the 7th of July, it was reported in Paris that a plot for the liberation of Louis XVII. had been successful. A crowd of people went to the Temple to inquire if he were still there. The guard, who had not seen the boy since he had been in Simon's charge, did not give any satisfactory answer, and the ferment in men's minds increased so much that the Government thought it advisable to send a numerous deputation from the Committee of General Safety to verify the presence of the little Capet. The Terrorists were not so secure of their power that they could afford to despise the rumour of their prisoner's evasion. There is nothing in the instructions given to Simon on this occasion inconsistent with the temper of the men who were in power, and, besides, they were communicated informally—they were a shuffling hint and not an order. Their improbability, which has been urged on the score of their cruelty, is disproved by the after-treatment of the boy, which was in conformity to them.

"Citizens," said Simon to the chiefs of the deputation, Drouet, the postmaster of Varennes, and Chabot, the ex-Capuchin, "what do you decide touching the wolf-cub—is he to be transported?" "No." "Killed?" "No." "Poisoned?" "No." "But what then?" "*Got rid of.*"

The young Prince did not permit his examiners to leave without appealing to them to be allowed to see his mother, and desiring to know by what law he was so treated. "Come, Capet," said Simon, "silence, or I will show these citizens how I 'work' thee sometimes." It is certain that from that time the cruelty of Simon was systematically increased, so that even his wife sometimes asked him to spare the child. The day on which he heard of the assassination of his friend Marat, drink and rage had driven Simon almost beside himself. He dragged the Prince to the platform of the Tower, whence he could hear the murmur of the

angry town. "Cursed viper!" he said, "thou shalt wear mourning for Marat; thou art not sorry he is dead." "I did not know him," replied the child, "but we desire no one's death." "*We!*" retorted Simon, "dost thou pretend to talk like the tyrants thy fathers?" "I said we for my family and myself," replied the Prince. "Ah, but Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" repeated Simon, pleased with his own phrase; nor did he spare blows to increase the degradation of his victim. Yet Madame Simon reported to her former mistress, Madame Séjan, "The child is a very dear and charming child: he cleans and blackens my shoes, and brings me my foot-warmer when I get up." The Prince appears to have been obedient, and even attentive, and not to have roused the temper of Simon, who, however, was invariably cruel to him.

III.

Through the kindness of Tison, who repented of his denunciation of the Queen, the Princesses were told from time to time how the Prince was. Through a chink in the wall they even contrived to get distant glimpses of him, as he followed Simon on the platform of the Tower, a sort of gallery which ran between the roof and the battlement. The Queen, however, was spared the knowledge of the indignities that her son suffered until one day after long waiting she managed to see him close, through the planking that divided her side of the Tower platform from Simon's. "She waited there whole hours to watch for the moment when my brother should pass," writes Madame Royale; "it was her only desire, her only occupation." It was on the 30th of July that the daughter of Maria Theresa first saw her wretched child in the Jacobin costume. The black he had worn for his father was changed for a "carmagnole" dress of brown cloth and the red cap of the revolutionists. It happened that Simon was in one of his abusive tempers, and he pursued the boy with oaths and blasphemies. "Simon had so terrified my brother," writes Madame Royale, "that the poor child did not dare to cry." "God has forsaken us!" cried the unhappy mother. "I dare not pray any more!" but in a moment she recovered fortitude and asked forgiveness from God and from her sister. Though she often watched at the same place, she never saw her son again.

Meantime, the surrender of Valenciennes, the attitude of Lyons, and the threatening fleets of England before Toulon and Marseilles, created daily panics in Paris. In the Convention, on the first of August, Barrere wound up a violent report on the state of France

by the words, "Is it our forgetfulness of the Austrian woman's crimes—is it our indifference towards the Capet family that has deceived our enemies? If so, the time has come to extirpate every root of royalty." On the following day the Queen was removed to the prison of the Conciergerie, her trial was decreed, the expenses of her children were reduced to the minimum, and all tombs or monuments of kings were ordered to be destroyed. Before her trial began, Marie Antoinette was doomed. Europe, hopeful of French dismemberment, abandoned her. Large sums were sent to Danton to bribe him in her favour, but Danton was himself on the fatal slope towards the guillotine and could not, if he would, have pleaded for her. Yet there was difficulty in finding evidence against her that could satisfy even the revolutionary tribunal. It had to be *created*; and the creators were to be Chaumette and Hébert, in whose special charge the affairs of the Temple had been placed. To suit their purpose, the Queen's son had to be *trained*, and no opportunity was lost by Simon to prepare him for the work that he was to do. His pure and frank nature was not easily degraded and broken down. On one occasion an infamous song against "Madame Veto"—his mother—was given him. He refused to sing it. "I will murder you if you do not!" shouted Simon, as he grasped a heavy andiron that was on the hearth. "Never!" repeated the boy, as he sprang aside to escape the iron which his master flung at him, and which would otherwise have killed him.

Blows and oaths would not have gained the end proposed by Hébert. Soon after the Queen's departure for the Conciergerie, the boy's habits were altered. He was forced to eat largely and to drink a great deal of wine, which he particularly disliked. Very little exercise was allowed him, so that he grew bloated and stupid towards the end of August. An attack of fever, which lasted for four days, occurred, and the medicine given to him altogether deranged his health. When he had partly recovered, wine was again forced on him; and when he was sufficiently tipsy he was brought to swear and sing as Simon and his boon companions among the municipals chose. To express pity for the child was to show "moderation," and any officials who had been guilty of that indiscretion were at once dismissed by Chaumette. Madame Elisabeth, who from her apartment could hear the cries of her nephew, persuaded a municipal to intercede for him. His remonstrance excited Simon's spite to worse excesses. "Besides," he said, "I know what I am doing, and what I have to do. If you were me you would perhaps get on faster."

Still, even in his degradation, the child remembered, though but

in gleams, the light of his earlier teaching, and reflected it now and then in stray words, remembered for their strangeness by Simon's wife and her friends. One day the news of some Vendéan successes reached the Temple. The little fellow shrank into a corner, and waited silently lest Simon should fulfil his threat of "killing the wolf-cub" in the event of a royalist siege of Paris. The "Mentor," as Simon was pompously called by the Commune, pulled his pupil back by the ear, and put him in the middle of the room. "Capet," he asked, "if the Vendéans delivered you, what would you do?" "I would forgive you," replied the boy, not unmindful of his father's dying commands.

In September, increased severity was shown to the Princesses, and Hébert with several municipals visited their room. He told them that, among other changes, their food was to be given them through a trap in the door of their apartment, and that they were to clean their rooms and wait upon themselves. While the Princesses were thus treated, the Prince was encouraged in excesses which were made to alternate with prolonged fasts. Not only wine, but brandy was given to him, until his childish senses were dulled and depraved. A stolid indifference grew on him, he let himself be beaten without a word, he sang and swore as he was bidden, but when his mother's name was concerned he could not be got to use bad epithets.

On the 3rd of October, the Convention ordered that the Queen's trial should be immediately proceeded with. To this decree the public prosecutor, Fouquier Tinville, replied that "up to that day he had received no evidence relating to Marie Antoinette, and that whatever might be the desire of the Tribunal to execute the decrees of the Convention, he was unable to execute this decree as long as he was without such evidence." On the 4th, Simon gave notice to Chaumette, the attorney of the Commune, that the little Capet was prepared to answer all questions necessary for the interests of justice. Simon was desired to be in readiness, and on the 6th of October the mayor of Paris, Pache, Chaumette, and two members of the General Council, arrived at the Temple. The Prince had been somewhat before the time excited by brandy, and the effect passed away during the visit of his betrayers—dulness and lethargy evidently benumbed him. Heussée, a police officer, read aloud an interrogatory prepared beforehand (it is said by the ex-Priest Danjon), to which the child was made to answer as he was required. When the reading was over, he was told to sign it. The fac-simile of his signature is in horrible contrast with the fair copies written a year before under

his father's eye, and sufficiently proves the boy's miserable condition. Hébert arrived as the treachery he had devised was being carried out, by the attestation of half a dozen witnesses supplied from among the Temple officials, among whom of course was Simon.

"How on earth did you find out so many things, citizen?" Danjon was asked by one of his friends, "and arrange the details so neatly and decisively?" "I read them in public opinion," he replied; "they are as clear as the sun." The deposition of the child of eight years was, however, but doubtful evidence that Marie Antoinette was worse than a Messalina. On the 8th of October, Chaumette and his companions endeavoured to force from the Queen's daughter some expressions that could be twisted into confirmation of her unfortunate brother's deposition. She writes, "Chaumette questioned me on a thousand wicked things of which my mother and aunt were accused. Notwithstanding my tears, they persisted for a long time. There were things which I did not understand, but what I did understand were so horrible that I wept from indignation." For three hours the daughter of Marie Antoinette suffered the degradation of this interrogatory. The examination of Madame Elisabeth was shorter. No help in the frightful scheme was to be expected from her, calm and firm as she ever was in her truthfulness. The prosecutors were forced to rely for support of their accusation only on the first interrogatory of the Prince which had been prepared by Danjon.

On the 14th of October, the Queen was arraigned. Among the various charges brought against her, Fouquier Tinville did not dare to use the evidence procured in the Temple; but on Hébert's interference it was read in court. We shall not dwell on the paltry charges brought against Marie Antoinette. The few witnesses called to prove her interference in politics testified in her favour. Some hair, a few needles, a woman's miniature, and a *Sacré Cœur*, were produced to prove a Queen worthy of death! The trial would have been a comedy had not Hébert turned it into a tragedy: the tragedy of a noble mother outraged unto death by the forced hand of her own son. When the Queen heard that she was accused of having corrupted her child for the purposes of her personal ambition, she was silent with horror and grief. One of the jury required an answer from her. "If I have not replied," she said with deep emotion, "it is because nature refuses to reply to such an accusation made against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who may be here!"

There was a murmur of applause in the court. Hébert dared

not speak. Robespierre when he heard what had been said, and the effect of the Queen's words, broke into angry railing against Hébert's clumsiness, and even accused him of wishing to serve Marie Antoinette by the exaggeration of his charges. At half-past four in the morning, the Queen received her sentence. She left the court without speaking, and when she returned to her prison-cell she wrote the letter to Madame Elisabeth, so often printed, and yet so noble a monument of a Christian Queen that it can hardly be too often reproduced.

16th October, half-past four in the morning.

It is to you, my sister, that I write for the last time. I have just been condemned—not to a shameful death—that is only for criminals—but to rejoin your brother. Innocent as he was, I hope to show the same firmness as he did in these last moments. I am calm as those are whose consciences are free from reproach; I regret profoundly that I must leave my children—you know that I lived but for them—and you, my good and kind sister, you, who in your affection have sacrificed all to be with us, in what a position do I leave you! I have learned by the pleadings in my trial that my daughter has been separated from you. Alas! poor child, I dare not write to her, she would not get my letter. I do not even know if this will reach you. Receive here for both of them my blessing. I hope that some day, when they are older, they may rejoin you and freely enjoy your tender care. Let them both think of what I never ceased to teach them, that principle and the exact performance of duties are the bases of life; that their affection and mutual confidence will be their happiness. Let my daughter feel that at her age she should always assist her brother by the advice which her greater experience and her affection will enable her to give. Let my son, in his turn, render to his sister the devotion and the services that his affection will prompt. Let them both feel, in short, that in whatever position they may find themselves they will only be truly happy in being united. Let them take example by us. In our troubles what consolation we received from our friendship! and in happiness there is double enjoyment if it be shared by a friend: and where is a tenderer or dearer friend to be found than in one's own family? Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I expressly repeat to him, "That he must never seek to revenge our death." I have to speak to you of what is very painful to my heart. I know how much grief this child must have caused you. Forgive him, my dear sister! Think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child repeat what is required of him and what he does not comprehend. A day will come, I hope, when he will feel all the more the great value of your goodness and of your tenderness. I have still to confide to you my last thoughts. I wished to have written them at the beginning of my trial, but besides that I was not allowed to write, the procedure was so rapid that I should not really have had time. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion, in that of my fathers, in that wherein I have been brought up, and which I have always professed. Not having any spiritual consolation to expect, not knowing if there are still here any Priests of that religion, and the place where I am endangering them too much if they once entered here, I sincerely ask forgiveness from God of all the faults which I may have committed since I was born. I hope that in His goodness

He will receive my last prayers, as well as those which for a long time I have offered, that in His mercy and goodness He would receive my soul. I ask pardon from all whom I have known, and in particular from you, my sister, for all the sorrow which, without willing it, I may have caused you. I forgive all my enemies the evil they have done me, and I here bid farewell to my aunts, and to all my brothers and sisters. I have had friends: the thought of being separated from them for ever, and of their sufferings, is one of my greatest regrets in dying. Let them at least know that to my last moment I thought of them. Farewell, my good and kind sister,—may this letter reach you. Remember me always. I kiss you with all my heart, as well as these poor and dear children. O my God, how hard it is to leave them for ever! Farewell, farewell! I will henceforth occupy myself only with my spiritual duties. As my acts are not free, a [Constitutional] priest may be brought to me, but I here protest that I will not speak one word to him, and that I shall treat him as an absolute stranger.

A final charge the Queen addressed to her son:—

Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I emphatically repeat to him. Let him never think of revenging our death. I forgive all my enemies the evil they have done me.

The Queen's passage to her death, among the "dangerous classes" hired to insult her, is too well known to be described afresh. Of the King's end it is easy to write calmly, but of Marie Antoniette's sufferings, borne with noblest piety, what can be said? The very imprudences of her Trianon career, the frank errors of her earlier Queenship, the brilliancy of her youth with its rash friendships, its misplaced generousities, the struggle she endured when the royalty natural to a daughter of the Cæsars was bit by bit stripped from her, serve to increase our pity for the white-haired woman, patient and grave, who slowly passed in a dirty cart along the streets of Paris to the place of execution.

Twenty-three years before she had made her first entry into the city, among an enthusiastic people, who could not sufficiently admire and love her. Marshal de Brissac, the Governor of Paris, had said to her, "Madame, you see before you two hundred thousand lovers;" and now she was placed in a cart in which there was a plank for seat, while a man with a lowering face led the strong horse in the shafts. Soldiers lined the streets. The Queen had been almost in rags during her imprisonment, but her dress on the day of her death was neat and clean. There is a whole history in the inventory of her white muslin cap tied with an "end" of black riband, and the white gown and kerchief which replaced the splendour of her Versailles costume. Her white hair was cut short round her cap. Her face, pale but for the hectic spots on her fevered cheeks, and her blood-shot eyes, witnessed to her agony. Jacobinism was, it is true,

only the immediate instrument of her sufferings at the end of her life. They had been prepared by the Court of Louis the "well-beloved," by *philosophie*, rebellion against law under pretence of discovering new laws, by the collapse of her husband's authority, and perhaps most of all by the intrigues of foreign powers and by family treachery. "There was in her death," said the First Napoleon, "something worse than regicide." Regicide was not an invention of the age or the culminating evil of Jacobinism, but the calumnies that pursued the Queen, the accusation imagined by Hébert, were new in the history of crime.

Notwithstanding the exhortations of some ruffians, who tried to rouse against her the passions of the vast crowd through whom she passed, it was mostly silent. As she went up the steps of the scaffold she stepped by accident on the executioner's foot. "Pardon, sir," she said, "I did not mean to do it." When all was ready she said to him, "Make haste." To her, death was life.

Implicit Faith,

OR "MULTUM NON MULTA."

Of all great Nature's tones that sweep
Earth's resonant bosom, far or near,
Low-breathed or loudest, shrill or deep,
Few, few are grasped by mortal ear.

Ten octaves close our scale of sound :
Its myriad grades, distinct or twined,
Transcend our hearing's petty bound,
To us as colours to the blind.

In Sound's unmeasured empire thus
The heights, the depths alike we miss :—
Ah, but in *measured* sound to us
A compensating spell there is !

In holy music's golden speech
Remotest notes to notes respond :
Each octave is a world ; yet each
Vibrates to worlds its own beyond.

Our narrow pale the vast resumes ;
Our sea-shell whispers of the sea :
Echoes are ours of Angel plumes
That winnow far Infinity !

—Clasp thou of Truth the central core !
Hold fast that centre's central sense !
An atom there may fill thee more
Than realms on Truth's circumference.

That cradled Saviour, mute and small,
Was God—is God while worlds endure !
Who holds Truth truly holds it all
In essence, or in miniature.

Know what thou know'st ! He knoweth much
Who knows not many things : and he
Knows most whose knowledge hath a touch
Of God's divine simplicity.

The Poet Spenser in Ireland.

TOWARDS the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, Burleigh and Walsingham, who were then at the head of the Government, determined to send over to Ireland, as Deputy, Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton, that he might reduce to practice the policy of Leicester, "to shorten the wars by an effectual prosecution." The selection of Secretary to the new Viceroy was left to the choice of the Queen's favourite.

There was then a young man, who was often seen at Court, and oftener at Penshurst in Kent, the seat of the Sidneys. He had lately earned considerable distinction by the publication of a beautiful pastoral poem, which so won the heart of Sir Philip Sidney, that he received the poet into his friendship and generously rewarded his labours. The connection thus formed was never broken, but was continually strengthened by the liberality of the patron on one hand and the gratitude of the poet on the other. The young aspirant was known also to Sydney's unworthy uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who, probably that he might gratify the desire of his nephew to advance the fortunes of the poet, recommended him to Grey as his Secretary in the Government of Ireland. Is our curiosity lessened, when we learn that the new Secretary was Edmund Spenser, destined to shine so brilliantly in the annals of literature, and to immortalise the names of his benefactors simply because they were connected with his own? Although Grey was a strict Puritan, possessing all that severity and sternness of character so peculiar to his sect, yet, strange to say, he was disposed in the most friendly manner towards men of letters, and generally had a poet among his followers. It is no matter of surprise then, as some of Spenser's biographers would have it, that he should have been pleased with the selection of Spenser

as his Secretary, and that he should have immediately given generous encouragement to the labours of the poet.

The new Lord Deputy, accompanied by his Secretary, landed at Howth in 1580. Sir William Pelham was then in the south, "persecuting and extirpating the Geraldines," and refused to surrender his authority until he should return. But the eagerness of Grey to signalise himself at the outset, by a crushing defeat of the rebels, hurried him on, without awaiting the arrival of the Lord Justice, to attack a number of Irish who had assembled in the valley of Glenmalur. He would not listen to the prudent advice of old and experienced officers, well versed in the tactics usually employed in the Irish wars, but, depending on his own short acquaintance with the country and its natives, he ordered his troops to advance into the defiles, while he himself, with a strong body of reserve, retired up an adjoining eminence to await the issue of the battle. This was not long doubtful. When the army had advanced about a mile between two hills thickly clothed with under-wood and trees, a dense volley of musketry was suddenly poured into their ranks and scattered them in complete confusion. At the same moment the Irish, emerging from their hiding-place, converted a disastrous flight into a general slaughter. Several English officers of distinguished rank and merit were slain, eight hundred soldiers were cut off, and very few returned to acquaint the astonished Deputy with the terrible fate of their companions. Spenser accompanied Lord Grey in this unfortunate expedition, and refers to it in the fifth book of the *Faery Queen*.

For a long time the cause of the revolted Irish had been well supported on the Continent. Their pressing appeal for aid had awakened particular attention at the Court of Spain, and had touched the heart of King Philip, who was then one of the mightiest representatives of Catholic power in Europe. Animated with an ardent zeal for religion, and also desirous of retaliating upon Elizabeth, who had befriended his rebellious subjects in the Low Countries, he at once determined to send over assistance to the Irish. Nor had the Sovereign Pontiff been unmindful of his devoted children. He had strengthened their

fortitude by the granting of plenary indulgences and other holy privileges, he had exhausted his coffers to give them material aid, and though all had hitherto failed, he was now willing to risk another chance for success.

Towards the end of this year a little army, numbering about seven hundred men, mostly Spaniards and Italians, landed at Smerwick, in Kerry, and took up a fortified position there. Joyful at the prospect of being able to regain his good reputation before the Queen, Grey, who had been humbled and disgraced ever since his defeat in Wicklow, hastened against the Spaniards at the head of eight hundred men. The foreigners shut themselves up in their fort at his approach. The siege was commenced at the beginning of November, and lasted forty days, during which the enduring obstinacy of the Spaniards repelled all the attacks of the assailants. At length a white flag was hung from the walls and a parley granted. The Lord Deputy guaranteed the lives and liberties of the strangers on the condition that they should surrender and then return to their own country. The conditions were accepted; but let it be recorded to the everlasting disgrace of the English of that time, that, in defiance of their solemn oaths and promises, they slaughtered in cold blood more than six hundred Spaniards when the fort was delivered into their hands. It was not the momentary frenzy of a soldier, it was the deliberate act of a Viceroy, with the author of the *Faery Queen* and the historian of the world by his side.*

This act of guilty severity produced universal disgust, not only in Ireland, but on the Continent. The name of Elizabeth was held in just execration. She, ever deceitful and treacherous before the world, simulated anger on hearing the news, but in her private letters to Grey she calls his deed a useful act of severity, and congratulates him as the lieutenant of God's glory.

By some historians this massacre is imputed to Sir Walter Raleigh, then holding the rank of captain in the English army, and though we may not perfectly agree with this, yet the conduct of Raleigh upon other occasions

* St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. 1868.

does not make the accuracy of the statement improbable. Spenser, who was present, declares that there were no conditions granted to the besieged, and that they surrendered to the mercy of the Viceroy; but we must reject the testimony of one, who before giving his evidence has been gained over by favours bestowed upon him by the accused.

Soon after his arrival in Ireland, Spenser had been appointed to the lucrative position of Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances in the Court of Chancery, and had obtained from the Queen a lease of the abbey and lands of Enniscorthy. After his return to Dublin from the south, he sold the lease and was chosen a member of the Council of Munster.

On the arrival of Grey in the metropolis he was informed of a conspiracy, the object of which was to overthrow the Government and obtain possession of Dublin Castle. This report was evidently fabricated by the Government itself. It afforded a favourable pretext for proceeding against those who were only suspected of secret cooperation with the revolted Irish. Arrests were immediately made in all parts of the city: forty-five victims were executed, among whom was Lord Nugent, a Baron of the Exchequer. The Earl of Kildare and Lord Delvin were sent for trial to England; but the charges against them being proved to be without any foundation whatsoever, they were immediately released and sent back into the country. It was now sufficiently plain that the executions of Nugent and the others were acts of gross injustice. The severity of Grey was reprobated even in the English Court, where Raleigh, who had lately returned from Ireland, did much to injure the reputation of the Deputy.

So far from quenching the flame of rebellion in Ireland, the inhuman rigour of the Government only served to keep it longer alive. The Irish, driven to desperation and expecting no mercy at the hands of the conquerors, resolved to prolong the unequal contest to the last. The country was abandoned to the ravages of the English army, and "neither man, woman, nor child was spared." The whole south presented one wide scene of ruin and desolation. Famine,

following in the wake of war, destroyed whatever had escaped the sword of the soldier. The unburied dead lay rotting on the plains amid the smoking ashes of their homesteads, and those who still lived came creeping forth "like anatomies of death" to feast upon human flesh.* The Queen at length recalled Grey, and appointed Archbishop Loftus and Sir Henry Wallop to succeed him. It is certain that Spenser returned with the Deputy to England, but he cannot have remained long there, since we hear of him again in Ireland shortly afterwards.

There is no sadder episode in the history of the Irish wars than the death of Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond. Though his career was not so brilliant or so glorious as that of the illustrious heroes of Ulster, still his sufferings in the cause of his country were greater and, when he openly appeared in arms against the Government, his zeal was more unselfish and disinterested. It is usual with Irish historians to count him a vacillating and weak Prince, allowing himself to be injured with impunity by each successive Deputy. But when we consider the misery that his revolt was sure to bring, and which it actually did bring afterwards, to the south, we must conclude, that the long-biding spirit of the Geraldine was one of the brightest, as well as the strongest, points of his character. But the Government had resolved upon his destruction, and no opportunity was lost of driving him into rebellion. At length his tortured spirit broke the chain that galled it. He appeared in arms—a price was set upon his head; but the Irish peasants, like the Scottish highlanders in the case of the Young Pretender after his disastrous defeat at Culloden, rejected the proffered gold of the Government and stood fast to their chief in his distress.

Ormond and Desmond were once more opposed, but no longer actuated by a sense of private wrong or injustice. One was on the side of religious bigotry and intolerance, which the memory of old feuds maddened and exasperated. He had abandoned the religion of his ancestors and embraced false doctrines, because they were connected with worldly prosperity. The other, grown grey in the

service of his religion and country, came forth as the champion of the holy faith of his fathers, to brave the persecutions and dangers to which it was so unjustly condemned. Every other feeling was absorbed in his zeal for right and justice. All his energies were entirely devoted to the interests of his country. But energy and zeal could not supply his utter want of resources. His means became exhausted, his army weak and badly provisioned, while that of the enemy was kept up by continual supplies from England. Nevertheless, the Geraldine still struggled on hardly and vigorously, till his small remnant of troops, diminished by the slaughter of battle after battle, and wasted by the ravages of famine and disease, was reduced to a few men. His pursuers followed close upon his track. He was driven from place to place, and often narrowly escaped capture. At length he was overtaken, and murdered in a miserable hut.

On the death of Desmond, his vast estates, having been declared forfeit to the Crown, were divided amongst his enemies. Raleigh fell in for the largest share, but the other servants of the Government were all handsomely rewarded. Spenser received three thousand acres at the trifling annual sum of seven pounds! and, as residence was one of the conditions of the grant, the poet immediately hastened to his new home. It was the delightful Castle of Kilcolman, situate in a vast plain and commanding a view of "nearly half the breadth of Ireland."* The surrounding scenery was truly romantic and lovely, possessing every charm that nature in her profusion could bestow upon it. Here, in solitary retirement, the poet spent the next four years of his life. But he had not been long settled in his new residence when a heavy grief fell upon his heart. His earliest benefactor Sir Philip Sidney was no more. He had gloriously ended his brilliant career in a foreign land, and his last act was characterised by that generosity and kindness for which he was so pre-eminently distinguished through life. Great and sincere was the crowd of his mourners, for his friends and admirers were many; but the voice of the poet was heard above the rest lamenting his

* Smith's *History of Cork*.

untimely fate in words of the deepest emotion and most exquisite sweetness.

The beautiful views around Kilcolman were admirably fitted to inspire the fancy of a poet, and, most of all, a poet of the imagination. For a lover of nature, like Spenser, they possessed an indescribable charm. He saw in the real some glimpses of the imaginary world. His mind overflowed with brilliant images and splendid conceptions. The spirit of poetry took possession of his heart and prompted his tongue to utter charmed words. In early youth he had conceived the plan of an allegorical poem, treating of some remote age of chivalry and romance. He now felt himself called upon to resume the task, and when he began to write, his verse flowed with wonderful copiousness. Line followed line in rapid succession, all highly polished and beautiful, all full of exquisite imagery and appropriate illustration, till, at the end of four years, the poem had swelled to an enormous bulk, and still the fountain that supplied those torrents of sweetness and delight was far from being exhausted.

In the beginning of the year 1590, the solitude of the poet was disturbed by the arrival of another illustrious genius, who had wandered for peace and comfort to the quiet abode of the Muses. This was Sir Walter Raleigh. Since last he grasped the hand of his friend he had acquired fresh glory and fame. Both on land and sea he had signalised himself by daring feats of valour. He had received the rewards of his merit from the hands of the Queen herself, but he had to retire disgusted from a Court where a young rival was about to replace him in her favour. Well might he say, in his own sweet verse, as he sat with Spenser in the cool shades of the alders on the banks of the gentle Mulla,

Abusèd mortals did you know,
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers and seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods may shake,
But blustering care can never tempest make,
Or murmur e'er come nigh us,
Save of fountains that glide by us.

Spenser read to his friend all that he had composed, and Raleigh was so enchanted and bewitched by the melody of his numbers and the grandeur of his ideas, that he importuned the poet to accompany him to England, that he might introduce him to the Queen. They both hastened to London, Spenser was presented, and the first three books of the *Faery Queen*, with a dedication to Elizabeth, were given to the world.

If ever a poem received the stamp of immortality at its birth, it was the *Faery Queen*. Its success was immediate. All joined in its praise, and the author was hailed as the greatest poet of either ancient or modern times after Homer and Virgil. The Italian writers, who had led the fashion of the day, were thrown aside for the new creation of genius. The grand masterpieces of Ariosto and Tasso began to be regarded as dull and insipid. Fashion, however, is but a weathercock, and varies with each breeze. How different from that of his own time is the cool and dispassionate judgment of posterity upon Spenser! In the present age the *Faery Queen*, though allowed to be a poem of great intrinsic worth and merit, often lies mouldering on the shelf, rarely disturbed in its greatness, and consigned to undeserved neglect. But the fame of Spenser, though far less than his contemporaries accorded to him, is still firmly established, and the voice of the critic can never either injure or improve his reputation.

The whole poem of the *Faery Queen* is meant as a magnificent compliment to Elizabeth, who is represented as Gloriana, "the greatest glorious queen of Faery Lond." It was originally to have consisted of twelve books, "fashioning twelve moral virtues," but Spenser did not live to carry out his designs, and only six books remain to us. Of these the first is his "divinest creation." "It stands before them all," says Professor Wilson, "in unapproachable beauty." In this, the allegory is well preserved throughout, and there is no confusion of real with imaginary characters. It contains some of the finest and most vivid descriptions in the English language. By the magic of the poet, we feel ourselves wafted away into Faery Land to gaze in person upon the lovely face of Una,

"That made a sunshine in the shady place." We look with terror into the loathsome den of Error. We shudder at the woeful condition of Despair, with his cheeks raw-boned, his eyes deadly dull, and a rusty knife warm with the blood of its last victim in his hand—all appear real to us, so that when we rise from reading them the descriptions are indelibly fixed in our memory and seem to haunt us wherever we go.

As we proceed through the remaining five books, the incidents become more improbable and the images more confused. The allegory is perplexed and often broken. In the words of Addison,

The long spun allegories too fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

The mythology of the ancients and the traditions of the middle age are mixed up to an absurd degree with the holy truths of the Christian Religion. But the great fault of the poem is its entire want of unity. It is a collection of gems scattered in reckless confusion.

The style of Spenser is flowing and musical. He was a man of a grave mind, and loved contemplation. He had chosen the poets of Italy as his models, but he lacks their liveliness and vivacity. This deficiency however is amply atoned for by his tenderness and sweet simplicity. "He had a vast command," says a modern writer, "over our poetic language, and, though one of our earliest poets, seems to have exhausted all its fertility, its pliancy, and its melody. He was the first to discover the hidden fountains of harmony, and to show what infinite variety and flexibility it was capable of." It was from the *Faery Queen* that the illustrious Chatham drew all those striking expressions and splendid illustrations that so embellished and dignified his eloquence; and the immortal Edmund Burke, about the greatest authority we can cite, has declared, that "whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read will have a strong hold of the English language."

The stanza Spenser has chosen is said to be the finest ever conceived by the soul of music. It is copied, with some variation, from the *Ottava Rima* of the Italians.

The long resounding Alexandrine measure appropriately concludes the verse. The lovely melody is made to linger for a moment upon the ear, while the images presented to the imagination seem to fade gradually away. There can be no stronger proof of the magnificence of the Spenserian stanza than the number and the greatness of its imitators. Thomson, Shenstone, Beattie, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Shelley, and Byron, all have imitated it, and all, with but two exceptions, have achieved their greatest success in it.

In fact, without any injustice to Chaucer, we might call Spenser the father of English poetry. All the great poets of our language since Shakespere are, in some degree, indebted to him. They have all been pilgrims to the shrine of his genius, and have drunk deeply of those fountains of sweetness that spring therefrom. They have all wandered through the mazes of Faery Land, and have returned laden with wreaths of the loveliest and choicest flowers, with which to crown their own music. It was the perusal of the *Faery Queen* that first made Cowley and Pope poets. Milton at the height of his fame boasted to Dryden that Spenser was his model, and afterwards Dryden himself said that he also drew all his inspiration from the bard of Kilcolman.

After Spenser's return from England he once more repaired to those lovely solitudes now rendered so dear to him, as the scenes of his glorious labours. For the following six years his mind was constantly occupied with poetry and politics. In 1596, he published the last three books of his *Faery Queen*, and in the same year also his *View of the State of Ireland* was presented in manuscript to the Queen. This treatise is condemned by all impartial Irish historians as an intentional misrepresentation of the state of affairs in Ireland. Spenser as a poet, and Spenser as an historian, are widely different characters. The former is he, the man of genius, who reclines alone by the banks of the gentle Mulla, rapt in the deep contemplation of nature's magnificence, and endeavouring to clothe in the language of the Muses the noble thoughts that agitate his soul. The latter is the political writer, who, surrounded by

heaps of manuscripts and books, strives to draw out every drop of calumnious poison they possess, that he may deface the fair page of truth, and thus be able to transmit to the Queen a pleasing misrepresentation of the kingdom of Ireland. We have given some idea, however inadequate, of the state of Ireland under Lord Grey in the first few pages of this paper, and we have been at some pains in narrating the numerous cruelties of which he was guilty. It now remains to be added, that the severe measures adopted by Grey for the Government of Ireland correspond exactly with those recommended by Spenser in his treatise. We are thus forced to infer, that the Secretary must have either encouraged or participated in the enormities of the Deputy. "The plan proposed by Spenser for the pacification of Ireland was no other," says O'Connell, "than that of *creating famine* and *ensuring pestilence!*" and he encouraged the repetition of those diabolical means by his own evidence of their efficacy.* Let us take one illustration to show in what spirit the whole treatise is written. This is the method by which Spenser proposes to end the Irish wars. "The end will (I assure me) be very short, and much sooner than can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth hoped for; although there should none of them fall by the sword or be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another." But it is only justice to Spenser to affirm that in some parts of the treatise he displays great shrewdness and keenness of observation, and that, if his mind had not been prejudiced against us, he would have been fully competent to produce what we should not willingly have let die.

In 1598, Spenser was appointed Sheriff of Cork, an office very obnoxious to the native Irish. During this year Hugh O'Neil gave the English the greatest defeat they had ever experienced since their coming into Ireland. This success raised the hopes of the Irish all over the land, and a general rebellion ensued. The English "Undertakers" were immediately dispossessed of their estates, and most of them

* O'Connell's *Ireland and the Irish*.

compelled to seek safety in flight. The Castle of Kilcolman was burned to the ground. Spenser narrowly escaped with his life, but his new born infant was left amid the flames. Broken-hearted and distracted, the poet returned to England, and took up his residence in one of the back streets of London. There, poor and neglected, his haughty spirit sank under the weight of its afflictions. The good-hearted but unfortunate Essex hearing of his distress sent him twenty pounds to relieve him, but the dying poet refused the money, saying that it was too late. A few days elapsed, and Spenser was no longer alive.

Had Colin Clout yet lived, but he is gone,
The best on Earth to tune a lover's moan,
Whose sadder notes inforced the rocks to weepe,
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe,
* * * * *
Heaven rest thy soul, if so a swain may pray,
And may thy works live here, live there, for aye.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S letters belong to the class of writings which will always survive with the literature to which they belong, by the perfection of their style. Perhaps no other author in the language, not Addison, nor Hume, nor Gibbon, nor Macaulay, exhibits so much of what the Romans called *urbanitas*, that is, the air and manner which is formed by constant familiarity with high life. His style has great polish, and polish is not easily given except to a hard material. There is a firm basis beneath of natural good sense, acquired knowledge, and great experience. This is put into shape by a most decisive and determined idea of what he would be at, by principles (very false ones certainly) which are thoroughly grasped, and, as is the way with writers who have such a grasp, illustrated with untiring fertility. As his instrument of expression, Lord Chesterfield's language is very forcible and very elegant, yet without any affectation, unless perhaps occasionally a little Gallicism, into which some other great writers of his age also fell. The compositions which he prepared for publication, such as his contributions to the *World*, nobody now-a-days reads unless for mere curiosity. He is one of those who have been made famous by work, which, however close to their heart, was what they never designed to give to the world, and what they themselves took as the by-work of their active existence. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Secretary of State occupy a page of political history of no extraordinary importance. The writer of familiar letters to his son holds, for good and for evil, no small place in the history of the literature and of the education of one of the greatest periods of our national life.

No one ever had such a passion for educating as Lord Chesterfield, or greater faith in what it is possible for education to effect. He had the advantage of the most complete opportunities for carrying out his ideas, beginning with his son about the age of eight, and not leaving off till the age for education was more than over. The experiment ended in thorough disappointment, yet even that did not either abate his passion for the art, or

convince him that there was something wrong in his views, for we find him, in extreme old age, evidently ready to recommence with his grandsons, the children of Philip Stanhope, the very method which had been so unsuccessful with their father, but which was in their case cut short, happily for them, by his own death. In all methods of education the ultimate end is the least conspicuous; it is the array of means that naturally fills all the space which meets the eye; and the means, of themselves, are often matters indifferent, though all must be judged of by the grand purpose and object to which they converge. Hence the same means may deserve commendation in one system, whilst in another they fall under the censure due to the purpose which they serve. The great end to which Lord Chesterfield's views were directed, and in which they all centred, was brilliant success in life—to attract the eyes of society by playing some considerable part in the world. Whilst admitting that he did not disbelieve in the existence of the Almighty, nor even in the fact that He is the Supreme Judge, nor again that the nature of man binds him to the practice of virtue (whatever was his idea of it), I cannot find that his notions of the aim and object of human life went further than what I have stated. It was his first principle, the light in which he looked upon everything during his active years, even though, as I shall show, he does seem to have had some misgivings when at last in the presence of death. Such being his principal end, the means he believed to be the most adequate for attaining it were, to please society primarily, by a certain air and manner of good-breeding, and in a less degree, however important, by knowledge and aptitude for affairs, and by the character to which he rather oddly gives the name of virtue.

He set very systematically to work, beginning with those solid parts of education which he admitted were necessary, yet from the first endeavouring to make his boy understand that something was to come, which he preached, as a Saint would preach "the more excellent way"—the religion of ease and polish, of which courts were the temples, and worldly maxims the dogma. Hints of this he gives in the midst of letters, adapted to the childish mind, on the Greek mythology, the Roman history, or modern geography, all of which he cleverly, but superficially, summarises, after the manner which Voltaire had made fashionable. As the boy grows into the youth, the youth into the stripling, the stripling into the young man, the careful father deepens the lines of his teaching, and whilst he most ably guides his son's reading into advanced history and diplomacy, whilst he urges upon him the

acquisition of languages, the turning foreign travel to the most practical account, with all that might set off the accomplished man of the world, he sets forth a theory, an art of wonderful completeness (admitting his first principles), by which he should gain the grace and address which were, to his eyes, all in all. The means to this were, society, considered as part of education; but he also makes no secret of his own belief that nothing would more conduce to the end in view than forming those unlawful attachments which were things of course in Courts like that of Louis XV. and so many of his contemporary sovereigns. Again and again does the father urge this upon his son, sometimes with a very flimsy guard, but occasionally even without reserve, pointing to examples where such refined vice had led the way to fortune and honours. He warns him, indeed, against low and vulgar wickedness, the debauchery which would end in the ruin of his health and the scorn of the world; but in Lord Chesterfield's eyes vice, in truth, lost more than half its evil in losing its grossness. And he encourages his son to a life of sin, provided it be one that the society which he admired would smile at and favour. I have somewhere seen this apologised for, on the ground that Lord Chesterfield, as a man of the world, believed that dissipation was inevitable with the young, and that he sought to give a mitigated form to the evil from which he felt that he could not save his son. Nothing I have met with in the letters favours such a view; on the contrary, he evidently thinks that the pleasures which he permits are excusable, and deserve even more than toleration; he censures his own past life for excesses which had caused him pain greater than the gratification they gave, but he, if he had his years to live over again, would merely exchange those enjoyments for a safer, a more prudent, but, as proceeding from a reflected and settled principle of self-indulgence, perhaps a more odious, path of polished sensuality.

If this were all that Lord Chesterfield's letters contain, they would afford little scope for the present paper, and I pass on to notice features of a different description. Thoroughly practical as his character was, as has already been remarked, no Platonist, no Owenite, could have attributed more than he did to the efficacy of training. "I am sure," he says, "that any man of common understanding may by proper culture, care, attention, and labour, make himself whatever he pleases, except a good poet." Elsewhere: "I maintain that it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases; and consequently that he ought to write a good one." Perhaps, if he meant an artificial hand, he

was quite right. Yet it is hard to catch Lord Chesterfield tripping in reasoning from his principles. His notions as to the power of culture must be interpreted by the following remark, equally sweeping: "Remember, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe." And again: "People are, in general, what they are made by education and company from fifteen to five-and-twenty."

The exception he admitted as to the powers of authors ought to have guided him to many similar allowances. The poetic spirit cannot be taught, because it depends on natural character; but so do many other things also—the military spirit, the commercial spirit, the administrative spirit; and a youth destitute of one of these by constitution, will fail to draw from the circumstances that surround him aliment which other natures find unbidden. This has been beautifully expressed in some deep and striking lines of Horace's, a poet whose mind was not without affinities to Chesterfield's own, but who saw more acutely than he did in a matter where his poetry got the better of his worldliness—

Cur alter fratrum cessare et ludere et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu,
Sylvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum;
Scit genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum—
-quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.

(*Hor.*, 2 ep. ii. 182—189.)

With these notions, however, of the efficacy of culture, Lord Chesterfield was led to some great practical truths, such as the value of time, that miserly economy of minutes, of which they who know the secret can do such wonders; and, above all, the importance of the habit of attention—of keeping one's eyes open, of alertness, and, as we say now-a-days, of "looking alive." He is never tired of inculcating this precept, "there is no surer sign of a narrow, weak mind than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool when asked about anything that was said or done where he was present, that 'truly he did not mind it.' And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do then but to mind what was doing?" What Lord Chesterfield seems to have held in the most thorough contempt, is the habit of sauntering, of dawdling, of spending time in such a manner as not to be able

to account to oneself how it has been spent. He was a preacher of pleasure, of study, of business, but not of idleness. His powerful good sense, without being applied to more than the range of this life, made him see very vividly the utter worthlessness of a feeble, aimless existence, such as it is possible for men to lead who are not given up to actual vice. His idea of virtue was, perhaps, comprised in what is styled the "Law of Honour," of which the leading feature is truthfulness adhered to from a sense of pride, a disposition to kindness and equity, a freedom from such excesses as would degrade a person in society, and from malice and detraction. Duty, self-sacrifice, the character which has often invested those far from a supernatural standard with very lofty moral rank, has small place in his system. Such, however, is the immense advantage of knowing what one would be at, of having a definite purpose, and of really fulfilling what little is actually proposed, that many of his writings inspire us with more inclination to respect their author, than the vague, misty declamations and aspirations of many fashionable thinkers of our day. There would be more hope of convincing a mind like Chesterfield's of the error and falsehood of its ways than that of people who seem incapable of placing before their intellects a plain and clear statement, and drawing inferences from it.

The range of study which he recommended to his son is marked by the practical decision he everywhere shows, leading him to exclude, or admit but partially, what did not tend to the main object. Greek and Latin he held to be absolutely necessary for everybody (meaning of course the class which alone he contemplated), but "because everybody has agreed to think and call them so." He wished his son to know something of rhetoric and logic, to learn a little geometry, and have a general notion of astronomy, but did not wish him to be deep in any of these. But what he considered useful and necessary for the diplomatic career for which he destined him, consisted of the modern languages (French, German, Italian, and Spanish), modern history, chronology and geography, the laws of nations, and the *Jus publicum Imperii*. He recommended the close connection of modern history with chronology and geography, and, as to the latter in particular, advises its association with history as the only true way of learning it. Studied in the lump, it was soon learned and soon forgotten. One of his favourite maxims was *Approfondissez*, but, as I have shown, he meant this to apply only to the grand object, or rather, that

all knowledge should be sound as far as it goes—nothing imperfect, slatternly, slovenly, or learned in such a manner as not to be sure of it. The idea of historical studies which he presents is in one sense deep; that is, he expects the diplomatist to have a deep knowledge of history, so far as it belonged to his profession, formed on a broad well-conceived plan of making the great leading treaties on which the international law of Europe was founded the basis on which all facts should be grouped. But of history as a science, pursued for other than the practical purposes of public men, he probably did not know much. The outlines which he gives in his earlier letters are slight and prejudiced. It is when facts are to be obtained or set forth, part of the stock-in-trade of the Europe of the day and hour, that he is most at home. The proud empire's noble was as hard-headed and unsentimental as a Birmingham trader. He shows in this, as in many parts of his character, a narrow-mindedness, after all, not in keeping with its breadth in other respects. Thus he tells his son not to throw away his time "in ransacking, like a dull antiquarian, the minute and unimportant parts of remote and fabulous times. Let blockheads read what blockheads wrote." He advises him "to attend with care only to those interesting periods of history which furnish remarkable events and make eras, and to go slightly over the common run of events," a plan which cannot indeed make a profound historian any more than it can make even a dull antiquarian, but which is the most useful course for the man of the world. In this practical spirit he recommends the student not to attempt getting up such a complicated subject as the pretensions of princes to different places, as a whole, but to take them as they arise in some one special study, such as that of the Treaty of Munster, or as they are suggested by the politics of the day. Thus one may search books and get thorough information about them, and he will be in this way likely to remember the facts for life.

As to classical studies, I shall quote a passage truly characteristic of Lord Chesterfield: "Let Greek, without fail, share some part of every day. I do not mean the Greek poets, the catches of Anacreon, or the tender complaints of Theocritus; or again, *the porter-like language of Homer's verses*, of whom all smatterers in Greek know a little, quote often, and talk of always; but I mean Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and Thucydides, whom none but adepts know. It is Greek that must distinguish you in the learned world, Latin alone will not. And Greek must be sought for to be retained, for it never occurs like Latin." In his mind,

the understanding had, in a certain sense, killed the imagination, and everything which carried him beyond the region of facts was strange and disagreeable to him. As to his admiration of Plato, he possibly had little familiarity with that philosopher, or he would have found he was one of the last that could have been brought into harmony with his views of life.

In one point of view, we may call Lord Chesterfield an extremely natural character; in another, one of the most highly artificial the world ever saw. He was natural, because he simply gave himself up to passions, the settled love of deliberate pleasure, the eager desire of the world's applause—none the less passions because he had convinced his understanding that in following them he did well. He was artificial, because he had schooled every action, every word, every gesture with reference to his ultimate aim, and said and did nothing without his great purpose in view. Take his rule for the acquisition of eloquence as an illustration: "I was early convinced of the importance and power of eloquence, and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive and the most eloquent that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains if I would express myself very inelegantly." The following passage illustrates what we call his naturalness: "I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with *an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration*. If this made me do some silly things, on the one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did; it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both." Though, in the same letter, he does not scruple to avow that this passion had led him into vice and crime, without even the poor excuse of human frailty. He says: "I freely own that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and what is more, *I confess it without repentance; nay more, I am glad of it*, since if I had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle I owe it." He writes this at the age of sixty-eight, to his son at the age of twenty! I cannot help placing in connection with this passage the opening sentence of Lord Chesterfield's last will and testament: "I most humbly commend my soul to that Eternal, Supreme, Intelligent Being Who gave it me, most earnestly at the same time deprecating His justice."

It is not a little curious that in Lord Chesterfield this extreme worldliness appears united with a sort of simplicity. What I mean is, that he has such perfect faith in his creed and theory of success being gained by winning and courtly manners, that he forgets that there are other causes operating in the vast complexity of affairs quite as powerful and even far more so; that men are inclined to yield to the superiority of talent, and even the more where no pains are taken to flatter them; that they respect and defer to known worth and knowledge of business; that popular favour, the sure road to influence in constitutional states, does not depend on the arts of a subtle courtier. His character had great seeming independence, and yet it had been completely coloured and subdued by the unhealthy atmosphere in which he had always lived. He, the proudest of men, submitted to court and fawn upon a king's mistress, and even married the illegitimate daughter of a king; and, after all, attained to no greater eminence, perhaps to less, than a plain and straightforward demeanour would have secured him. But he had reduced the rules of pleasing to an art, and practised them for their own sake, as men are very liable to do with all the instruments of ends to which they attach themselves. The lustre, the indescribable grace and finish of courtly manners, had the charm for him that a perfect picture has for an artist, and he was never tired of placing it before his son in every possible light, till the maturity of that son at last convinced him his pains had been thrown away. Philip Stanhope, in fact, took from his teaching that alone which nature had made him capable of imbibing. He acquired solid knowledge, which Lord Chesterfield never undervalued. Of the graces, he had no more than "a good, plain, sensible man," as Boswell describes him, could display. And he had sense enough to write on the back of a set of maxims which his father sent him, as embodying his own views and experience of life—"Excellent maxims, but more calculated for the meridian of France or Spain than that of England." The result was, in fact, better than might have been expected. The father had not succeeded in degrading the son, as it was but too probable he might have done, little as the meanness of that son's secret marriage leaves us to admire in his character. And, independently of the merits or demerits of Lord Chesterfield's system, the result also conveys a lesson to all those who expect from education what education alone can never be depended upon to convey.

Kissing the Ground.

DURING the late long and curious trial before the Lord Chief Justice, in the Hull Nuns' case, words of very heavy blame were uttered, both in and out of court, against the supposed unheard-of practice of kneeling down and kissing the ground. Such a thing was denounced, as if, of its nature, it must wound in everybody whatsoever all feelings of self-respect, and to any one who had, or was deemed to have, one smallest drop of gentle blood in their veins, must be too galling to be endured. We shall take the liberty of examining whether our ancestors thought of this, and we shall perhaps also find that great personages in our own day go through ceremonies quite as degrading.

Our old English writers on religious matters often speak of this kissing of the ground, and some of them strongly enjoin its everyday observance, especially among ladies who chose for themselves a conventual life. Only a few years ago the Camden Society, under the able editorship of the Rev. J. Morton, a prebendary of Lincoln, published a work called *The Ancren Riwele*. This book is, in many respects, a most valuable monument of English literature, being written in the common tongue in use among our forefathers at the end of the twelfth century, and known as semi-Saxon. In all likelihood it came from the pen of St. Richard of Chichester, who wrote it for the guidance of some high-born ladies who wished to lead a religious life, at some period when this Saint—Richard Poor—was Dean of Salisbury. He bids these ladies to end the prayers they recited while getting out of bed and dressing themselves, after this fashion: "And mit teos wordes *miserere nostri qui passus es pro nobis*, beateth on ower broaste, and cusceth the eorþh icreoiceð with te thume"—"And at these words, 'Have mercy on us thou who didst suffer for us,' beat your breast and kiss the earth, crossed with the thumb" (*Ancren Riwele*. Edit. Morton, for the Camden Society, p. 19). A little afterwards these ankresses are bidden, as they commence our Lady's "utsong," or matins, at early morning, to do thus: "And et tisse worde, *Nascendo formam sumpseris*, cusceth the eorþhe, and also ine *Te Deum*, et tisse worde, *Non horruisti virginis ventrem*, and et te messe crede et tisse worde, *Ex Maria*

Virgine, et homo factus est—"At this word, 'At Thy birth thou didst take our form,' kiss the earth, and also at the *Te Deum*, at this word, 'Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb;' and at the Mass Creed, at the word, 'Of the Virgin Mary, and was made man'" (*Ibid*, p. 20). Thus, then, more than six hundred years ago, English gentlewomen living in this country were told by their rule of a religious life drawn up for them by an English dignitary, so often in the day to kiss the ground.

In the latter part of the fourteenth century (1385), our countryman, John de Burg, filled one of the chairs of theology at Cambridge, of which University he was made Chancellor. There it was that he wrote the book to which he gave the name of *Pupilla Oculi*, and so liked did it soon become, that it was to be found in the hands of every parish Priest, both in this country and on the Continent, where it was afterwards often printed, and from a copy dated A.D. 1516, of the Strasburg press (Argentina), which now lies before me, I am about to quote the passage following. After the chapter about what the Priest shall do after he has heard the penitent's confession: "*Quid faciet sacerdos audita confessione penitentis*" (fol. liii.), we have this other on the penance to be enjoined, and the variation of the same: "*De penitentia injungenda et varietate ejusdem*." De Burg goes on to say, the Priest enjoins to the person confessed a penance for sin answering to its contrary. For example—against pride and its varieties, the exercise of humility, as visiting the sick poor and those in prison, burying the dead, handling and earnestly gazing on them, often kissing the ground, &c.: "*Injungit sacerdos confesso penitentiam pro peccato quasi per contrarium respondentem . . . videlicet, contra superbiam et ejus species, exercitium humilitatis, ut visitare infirmos pauperes et incarceratos, sepelire mortuos, tractare et diligenter intueri, sæpius terram osculari,*" &c. (*Ibid*, fol. liv.).

The Early English Text Society, not very long established, is already doing good service to our neglected but rich stores of English mediæval literature; and one of its latest works put forth from MS. is *Instructions for Parish Priests*, edited from the Cotton MS., Claudius, A II., by Edward Peacock, F.S.A. The writer of this poem, John Myrc, had not only carefully read, but well kept in mind, the teachings of John de Burg, and rhymes them thus as he speaks to shrift-fathers or confessors:—

Wharfore lerne thys lessoun wel,
And take gode hede to my spel,
Countur wyth countur ys i-huled (healed) ofte,
When they be leyde to-gedur softe.

Contra superbiam.

Agaynus pryde wythoute les,
 The forme remedy ys mekeness,
 Ofte to knele and erthe to kys,
 And knowlachk wel that erthe he ys, &c. (p. 15).

Among the learned men who by their scholarship brought fame to mediæval England, not the last is the Austin Friar Richard Rolle de Hampole, who, during the reign of Edward III., lived at Hampole Priory, four miles from Doncaster, where, among several other works, he wrote his celebrated poem called *The Pricke of Conscience*. This work has been lately published, and from a "Table of Contents" printed by the editor, Mr. R. Morris, from a MS. of this poem belonging to Mr. Evans, we are taught by Hampole, while reckoning up "How X thynges mowe fordo lygtly the venyal synnes," that one of them is "kussying of the grounde" (p. xxxvi.).

But this act of self-humiliation set forth by St. Richard for religious ladies' observance, by De Burg, and after him by Myrc, for rich and poor—for men and women of all ranks—as an atonement for pride; and by Hampole, as a thing that might do away with the punishment due to those smaller sins called "venial," this act, I say, was publicly performed here in cathedrals, as well as in the smallest country church, till the end of Queen Mary's reign. In the last edition of the Salisbury liturgical book, known as the *Processionale*, printed in London, A.D. 1555, we find this rubric: "Sciendum est quod per totam xl. (quadragesimam) in omni feria quarta et sexta usque ad cenam Domini, fiat processio ad unum altare ecclesie. Et sic surgant omnes a prostratione osculantes terram." We may add, of course, that in such a rubric no exception of persons was allowed; whether the Primate Langton happened then to be the celebrant—that Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, who, beside the high altar of old St. Paul's, emboldened the barons of England to wrest Magna Charta from the tyrant King John; whether it were Wykeham, or Waynflete, or Fox, or the great minister of state, Cardinal Wolsey—each one of whom, by the bye, built and richly endowed a college at Oxford—it mattered not; whether the Lord High Chancellor of England were serving at the altar with a cassock and surplice on, as was wont to do, in Chelsea parish Church, Sir Thomas More, that bright luminary of the English legal profession—all and each of these bent the knee and kissed the ground.

What churchmen did in the sanctuary, was done by the highest and noblest lay folk in the open air. Immediately before the

onset by our countrymen at the battle of Agincourt, King Henry V., wearing his coat of arms, blazoned with England's three golden leopards, and the *fleur-de-lys* of France, and his helmet circled with a royal crown, with the flags of England's patron Saints fluttering above his head; thus, radiant with the regal glories of this kingdom on his person, and amid the flower of England's chivalry, some of whose Catholic children's children still bear the honoured and historical names and titles of Mau-travers, Arundel, Camoys, Ferrers, Tempest, Talbot, Blount, Clifford, Blundell, Gerard, Hudelston, Townley, Scrope, &c.—he and all went down upon their knees and kissed the earth—

Oure Kyng knelyd doune all in that stownde,
And all the Englys men in eche syde,
And thryys there thay kyssed the ground,

as Lydgate tells us in his verses given by Nicolas, in his *Battle of Agincourt*, p. 321.

The ceremonial followed in this kingdom, and more especially among the upper ten thousand, on the many occurrences of public life, would torture the ingenuity of some people as to the giving any such meaning to its harmless, nay graceful symbolism, as would not be ten-fold more becomingly applicable to the practice of kissing the ground among religious women, who have vowed obedience to a rule of life, the rites of which they long before full well knew. At any fashionable gathering at which there happens to be music, at the first strains of the National Anthem, many men and women arise from their seats, and the former raise their hats—nay, often stand bareheaded. The wife or the daughter of the highest noble in this kingdom would not think of going into the royal presence at a drawing-room with gloves on, however hot or disagreeable to sight or touch her hands might be, if she hoped to have the honour of lifting to her lips the hand of her Majesty and kissing it. When, to throw more weight and dignity upon his office, the member of any administration is knighted by the Sovereign, he unhesitatingly drops upon his knee at her feet, before she bids him "Arise, Sir John;" so, too, does any duke, and kisses the Queen's hand as he receives the seal of office. In one of the standing orders, now No. 16, formerly No. 13, for the House of Lords, the peers are told that "the lords in the Upper House are to keep their dignity and order in sitting as much as may be; but when they must needs go across the House from one side to the other, they are to make obeisance to the cloth of estate, and whenever a

message from the Crown is read all of their lordships take off their hats."

In all the public journals, the present Lord Chancellor, before taking his seat in the House of Lords as a newly-created peer, and filling for the first time his post on the woolsack, is reported to have gone through a particular ceremony, accompanied by somewhat solemn circumstances, all of which is thus described in the *Times* of December 16th, 1868:--

The Lord Chancellor, wearing his ordinary robe of office, took his seat upon the woolsack for a few minutes when a formal intimation was made by Earl Granville to the effect that her Majesty had been pleased to create Sir W. Page Wood Knight, Lord High Chancellor of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and a peer of the realm. The Lord Chancellor then quitted the House by the bar, and shortly afterwards re-appeared in the full robes of a peer, and took part in a procession, in which he was preceded by Sir Charles Young, Garter King-at-Arms, Lord Edward Howard (representing the Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Grand Marshal), and Lord Romilly, and was attended by another legal peer, Lord Chelmsford. The Lord Chancellor was first conducted to the Throne where he knelt and presented his patent of nobility, placing the roll for a brief space upon the Throne itself. He then rose and resumed his seat.

Though the Queen herself was away, and no one sat there to represent her Majesty, all this kneeling, all this homage, was not meant for an empty chair. Were anybody at this moment to get up and sneer at this scene so lately gone through in the House, and cry it down as a piece of foolish, nay, degrading mummery, required from such an elevated personage as every peer of England must be, and from its Lord High Chancellor besides, and upon his knees, too—loud and long would be the wrathful words uttered from the lips of many against that senseless scorner.

Some few, though very few, among our fellow-countrymen, will, I know, deem all such hat-worship, as they call it, all such bending of the knee to any created being, idle; and think it not only mummery, wounding the sense of personal respect which is, or ought to be, in every one, however poor, but contrary to the Word of God, and therefore refuse to take part in any of it. But it is well understood that by such outward observance not more was intended to be meant than the warrantable inward respect for our Sovereign and her constitutional authority. At the same time we must all of us admire the graceful way in which her ministers, as we must suppose, advised her Majesty to dispense with the accustomed courtly form when, as is reported, one of the new administration had to take formally from her own hand his seal of office. To many a thinking mind

it must be a subject of wonderment how it is that, while the British public praises this practical consideration for the liberty of conscience in such small matters, while it arrogates to itself a national love for truthfulness, fair-play, and justice nowhere else to be found—this same British public, whenever anything Catholic happens to be shown it, will not only forget but ever gainsay its own boasted virtues.

D. R.

Assumption Eve: a Legend of Nenagh.

THE reddening August sun went slanting down
Towards the purple mountains, and the flush
Of evening poured upon the nodding wheat,
Which covered all the land with yellow sheaves.
Where by the brimming river stretched the meads
The Abbot's cattle pastured; for the land,
Time out of mind, was governed by the monks,
Who held our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh.
Within that grey and peaceful cloister wall
Lived forty white-robed monks in fast and prayer,
Who kept much silence, toiled, and fed the poor.
But now an evil spirit swept the land
Of ruin and unrest; and white-robed monks
And priests were slain, and abbey-shrines were spoiled.
Like rolling clouds, marauding bands crept on,
Near and more near, and now this very day—
Assumption Eve—poured down on Nenagh's shrines.
"What! no monks here!" the brutal leader cried,
"The swine have fled, and robbed us of their gold;
Howbeit, we'll fire the sty and burn the bones!"
Then crashed that rabble-rout against the gates,
And thronged like cattle to the glorious church,
Sweeping tumultuous up the nave; then stood
Aghast, for in the fretted choir there knelt
A ring of marble monks, thrice ten and nine,
All tranced in prayer, heedless of rout or din,
But rapt in sight of Him Whose bonds they wore.
A moment's wild amaze, and then the wolves
Rushed rav'nous on the silent praying flock,
And blood, and mangled bodies, strewed the stones!
But when the August sun had slanted down
Further an hour's space, the harvest moon
Hung forth her pearly crescent o'er the wheat,
Which covered all the land with yellow sheaves.

Then Brother Maurus, fresh returned from field
 To Vespers, found his feet red stained with blood,
 And saw his brethren ghastly on the stones.
 Poor Maurus ! with a cry he fell all prone
 Before the Virgin-Mother, with her Son
 Just taken from the cross, and weeping sore,
 He plained him that the greatest of her feasts
 Should lapse unhonoured, all her psalms unsung.
 " Oh ! Mother Mary, sweetest ! " so he plained,
 " How canst thou bear to see thy children dead
 Around thine altar on Assumption Eve ?
 That loveliest feast-day of the harvest-tide,
 When young and old stream forth with grapes and corn,
 And bring their freshest flowers to deck thy shrine.
 Oh ! Mother Mary, turn thy pleading eyes
 Upon this mournful slaughter !—Can it be
 Thou carest not ; canst thou forget Nenagh ?
 No, sweetest Mother, never ! Speak that word
 Before the Throne ; that word of grace—just one ! "
 What more he would have said was never known.
 For at that moment all the sweet-voiced bells,
 Rang out triumphant through the evening calm.
 And lo ! the martyred Abbot rose him up,
 With mitre, cope, and alb ; the cross was borne,
 The incense flung, and two and two walked forth
 The white-robed brethren in accustomed train.
 But never yet so sweetly toned that chant,
Deus in adiutorium, ne'er so sweet
Domine ad adjuvandum sounded back,
 As from those ruby lips ! And echoing round,
 Still louder rolled that melody of joy ;
 For Angel-choirs, and all that blessed throng
 Who walk the golden pavement, swelled the strain ;
 And sang the rising of the stainless Maid—
Quasi aurora rutilans—to Heaven !
 Still on Assumption Eve, they say who know,
 That strain is faintly heard within the arch
 Where the high altar stood ; just when the sun
 Goes slanting down toward the purple hills,
 And reddens all the sheaves of yellow wheat,
 Around the crumbling stones which mark the place
 Where stood our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh.

[The beautiful story which suggested these lines is given in Mr. O'Reilly's *Sufferers for the Catholic Faith in Ireland*, as told by Henriquez, the Spanish chronicler of the Irish Seminary at Seville. Nenagh was a Cistercian Abbey.]

The Roman Spirit:

THOUGHTS ON ULTRAMONTANISM.

THE epithet "Ultramontane" has of late become so fashionable among a certain class of writers, who use it indiscriminately to signify almost everything which they themselves dislike and disapprove of, that it requires considerable courage even for a Catholic author, if he wishes to gain a hearing with our countrymen, to avow that he does not shrink from calling himself by this name, if it be properly understood. Ultramontanism, to the majority of Englishmen, is much what Christianity itself was to the inhabitants of Pagan Rome. We may almost apply to it the old saying about the Nile and the Tiber remaining or refusing to remain within their banks. As everything then was the fault of the Christians, so now everything is the fault of the Ultramontanes. We know not how many public calamities, and how many more imagined dangers, may have been set down to them; but it is certain that Ultramontanism is a word of a very inauspicious sound, a word the casual introduction of which into ordinary conversation throws a gloom and a chill, the presage of some mysterious and ill-defined mischief, over many a company, few of whose members have any clear idea of what is meant by the syllables which make them feel so uncomfortable.

It is, indeed, this very ignorance which gives the word Ultramontanism its most formidable character. There are certain difficult words in all dead languages, the sense of which can only be ascertained by a careful comparison of the various places in which they occur. Etymology does not, as it happens, help us, for their etymology is unknown; and we can only put passage by passage, author by author, and try to elicit a meaning which will square sufficiently

well with all to be considered as established. The etymology of the word Ultramontane is said to have puzzled many good folk of the Exeter Hall faction, who have not agreed whether it means something very mountainous, something more than mountainous, or something over the mountains. We fear that if we were to proceed by induction, founded on the use of the word by modern English writers, we should only change obscurity for perplexity. It is simply astonishing to count up the number of usages of this unhappy epithet; and as they frequently refer to persons, to organs, to lines of conduct, or to habits of thought, rather than to any definite and particular doctrine, it is not by any means easy to harmonise them into an intelligible commentary. It is Ultramontane, for instance, to say that Barlow was not a Bishop, or to deny the fact of the alleged consecration of Parker; it is Ultramontane, in the same way, to say that Cardinal Pole and the Council of Trent did not recognise Anglican ordinations. But then, again, it is Ultramontane to believe the infallibility of the Church, or to send for a Priest when one is dying, or to abominate civil marriages, or to condemn secret societies, or to dislike secular education, or to go frequently to confession and Communion, or to subscribe to the *Dublin Review*, or to do penance, or to say that the author of the *Eirenicon* does not quote fairly, or to prefer the celibacy of the Clergy to their marriage, or to deny that Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel are Christian heroes, or to say that the "Black Rubric" in the Anglican prayer-book denies the Real Presence. "Ultramontane" is a word flung about at random by some writers and talkers, much as "subjective" and "objective," "transcendental," "æsthetic," "morbid," and the like, are flung about by Oxford undergraduates at that particular stage of their development which marks the transition from the schoolboy into the young man. This common usage may seem hardly to raise it above the rank of an expletive, like the "jolly," "awful," "stunning," or other words which young gentlemen bring home from school for the astonishment of their sisters. It is impossible to tell how long it may be before

it gets into the cookery-books and the magazines of fashion, as the qualification of artistic innovations in soups, cutlets, skirts, or chignons.

The wide and various use of the word of which we are speaking must of course be admitted to be the result of a good deal of ignorance, as well as of much exaggeration, and of not a little of that ingenious method of argumentative warfare which consists in the use of invidious epithets. There is no possible connection, for instance, between an opinion as to the literary fairness of a particular writer, or as to the legitimate interpretation of certain formulas of religion, and the vital and definite principles which lie at the foundation of that system of doctrine or of policy which is identified with the name Ultramontane. But it sounds badly, and so is a good stone to throw at an adversary. It is worth while also to remark that "Ultramontane" is at present a nickname; and that although, like many other such epithets, it may have been adopted for the sake of convenience by some of those to whom it has been applied by their opponents, it has also been frequently protested against, and it is in strictness unfair as well as rather unmeaning. The unfairness lies in this—that although in the special controversy against Gallicans there may, no doubt, have been on the Ultramontane side—so to call it—the maintenance of doctrines not absolutely and confessedly defined, the modern use of the word applies it far more widely, so that it is now made to designate the adherents of truths which belong to the class as to which Catholics cannot be divided into parties or schools. Any one who wishes to examine for himself the particular tenets which go by the name of Gallicanism—on which some of our English High Churchmen have in ignorance tried to fasten, in the hope of finding in them some sort of middle term between Protestantism and Catholicism—will find them fully and carefully described in a chapter of Father Bottalla's lately published volume on *The Pope and the Church*. The name Ultramontane is an epithet given by the maintainers of the Gallican theory to their opponents. Gallicanism, as a system of opinion deliberately avowed and defended, has

passed away, though much of its mischief may survive, as in the *Appel comme d'abus*, of which the French Government took care to give the world a specimen a few years ago. The epithet Ultramontane survives, and is now used in a vague and general way, as will be obvious to any one who runs through even the short list of instances which we have culled from various Protestant writers. Ultramontanism now practically signifies the maintenance of doctrines which were not even questioned by the Gallicans,* and which are, in fact, the common possession of Catholics. Those who uphold such doctrines cannot be content to give themselves any name which expresses merely a party within the pale of the Catholic Church.

But our business at present is not with the distinctive doctrines which are imputed to those who are commonly called Ultramontanes so much as with the general spirit and tone of action or of thought which is supposed to

* Father Bottalla (*The Pope and the Church*, p. 182), says, "The Clergy of France condemned in practice the errors of the Declaration, because they have always professed the divine supremacy of the Apostolic See, and expressly rejected, in their formulary of submission, every principle injurious to that supreme authority. . . . The French Priesthood submitted to the dogmatic condemnation of Jansenism pronounced by the Supreme Head of the Church, and even those who, with Cardinal de Noailles, had appealed to the future General Council against the Bull *Unigenitus*, did not dare to resist the Bull *Pastoralis Officii* of Clement XI., in which the major excommunication was threatened against those who had persisted in the rejection of the earlier decision. . . . The Church can rest only on the immovable rock on which Christ built it. That rock is the Pope's divine supremacy. The Gallicans were Catholics in the age of Louis XIV., and of his successor, because they confessed this divine supremacy as a revealed dogma." Yet the maintainers of this divine supremacy are exactly those who, in common parlance, are designated as Ultramontanes in England. We may draw attention, while on the subject of the Gallican Declaration of 1682, to an interesting article on a very valuable French work concerning it (by M. Gérin), which has just appeared in the *Revue Catholique* of Louvain (March 15, 1869). The reader will find, at p. 269, a note explaining the exact theological position at present allotted to the doctrine of the Declaration. It cannot be considered as free to maintain a system so "contrary to the sentiment of the Catholic Church" (Pius IX), but, although the Holy See has disapproved the Assembly, rescinded its Acts, and declared them null and void, the Penitentiaria has answered (Sept. 14, 1831)—"Nullam theologice censuræ notam doctrinæ Declaratione illa contentæ inustam fuisse," and that therefore those who hold it in good faith are not to be refused absolution on that ground alone.

animate them. Here, as before, we find good reason to complain of the indiscriminate use of vilification on the part of their adversaries. Ultramontanism is supposed to be hard, haughty, exaggerated in its pretensions, contemptuous of ecclesiastical rights, local usages, national modes of thought and feeling. To the popular mind it suggests the idea of pomposity in purple, of sleek foreigners sent from Italy to fatten on rich ecclesiastical benefices, of arrogant and inexorable tribunals, of severe fulminations enforced by "bell, book, and candle." Its style is supposed to be bombastic, its controversy to be regardless of the ordinary laws of courtesy and fairness, to be guided by the maxims that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," that moral assassination is allowable towards enemies of the faith, that anything, true or false, may be said against an opponent of the truth, that if a man's public writings are objectionable, it is lawful to asperse his private character, and that the highest of all praises is to fight on the right side, not to fight on the right side fairly, honourably, and courteously. Ultramontanism is supposed to supersede argument by arbitrary assumptions, to meet reasoning by anathemas, and to deal with opposition after the fashion in which the bureaucracy of a despotic centralisation deals with obnoxious editors or preachers wanting in servility. It is thought never to condescend, never to compromise, never to spare, never to apologise, never to forgive; always to aim at the extermination of its enemies rather than at their submission on moderate terms, always to hate those from whom it differs all the more intensely in proportion as the points of difference are fewer. It is considered Ultramontane to forget the services of a life, and the personal dangers which have been incurred by some eminent champion of religion, if he happens not quite to come up to an unquestioning advocacy of certain advanced doctrines, and to prefer that those who are to some extent deficient in their standard of opinion should be driven to extremities by abuse and persecution, rather than that they should be conciliated by gentleness, or tolerated by prudent silence and charitable indulgence on the part of authority.

It is worth while to dwell at some length on these supposed characteristics of the Ultramontane spirit, because they all point in one direction, and this fact, to some extent, serves to explain the extreme repugnance which they naturally arouse. We do not, of course, admit that the charges which we have been endeavouring to summarise can be fairly brought against what is called Ultramontaniam. At the most they fall upon some few of the less prudent and temperate partisans of the principle or the system. It belongs to everything great and noble now and then to be served injudiciously. All grand institutions, all princely dynasties, all world-wide and ever active powers, gather around their legitimate defenders and genuine representatives a motley herd of promiscuous hangers-on. When a fine regiment marches through a town, with banners flying and band playing, the idlers in the market-place, the boys playing in the streets, tramps, vagrants, as well as respectable loungers, swell the crowd which accompanies the onward progress of the soldiers, enchained by the music and caught by an indescribable enthusiasm, but jostling, shouting, pushing, straggling, and crossing one another in the most unmilitary disorder, even though the measured tread of the marching force sweeps them on in its own direction, and, to a certain degree, subjects them to what we may call the rhythm of its own progress. So it is with all great movements, principles, and systems: they rally to themselves an ill-regulated devotion, and a clumsy though hearty loyalty, from many indiscreet and sometimes troublesome partisans, whom it yet would be ungenerous and even unwise to disown altogether. If any of the charges against Ultramontaniam of which we have spoken could be substantiated in fact, they would be true only of writers or agents who have not been thoroughly imbued with the Roman spirit, whose training and personal history have formed them on a different model, or who have in their character strong individual features, against which all external influences struggle in vain.

But on this unpleasant part of our subject we have said enough. If what are supposed to be the extravagant

pretensions and large claims of Ultramontaniam are examined dispassionately, we shall easily observe a circumstance which accounts in great measure for the charges of which we have spoken ; and the same remark may be made of the arrogant and domineering spirit which is said to animate its representatives. The charges on both heads are such as might have been expected in the case of a central authority set up by divine right to rule and teach a community which embraces within its bounds every nation of the world. It is inevitable that, in the present state of the world, such an authority, however great the gentleness and considerate prudence with which it is wielded, should be felt as a yoke, a burthen, and a restraint on individual and national independence. An institution like the Christian Priesthood or Episcopate cannot be set up and kept in operation among men without creating, as its inevitable shadow, some feeling, secret or open, of resistance, even among those who derive the greatest benefit from its ministrations, and are, in general, most grateful for them. In the same way, it is utterly inconceivable that there should have been, for eighteen centuries, a central power in the Christian Church, entrusted with the active supervision of the whole body and of every part of it, and charged with the special duty of preserving among its members unity, charity, and orthodoxy, and that such a power, if not allowed to fall into abeyance, should not make itself felt as coercive as well as beneficent, as not only guiding but restraining, as a punisher of wrong as well as a beacon of right. We may say even more, for the maintenance of unity must always be a difficult task, even setting aside the supposition of malice, pride, and wilfulness on the part of the various subjects which have to be kept in harmony. Few things are more essentially characteristic of humanity in its present condition than the spirit of nationalism, and the influence of this spirit is not limited to the sphere of political and social life ; it penetrates into the mental constitutions and even the religious feelings of the races whom it divides one from another. The unity of the Catholic Church is a great standing miracle, more and more fully appreciated by men in proportion as they look

upon the phenomena of their race with the eyes of true philosophers. The permanent provision by which our Lord has arranged for the preservation of this unity is in constant, however silent and successful, conflict with many instincts of the natural man—instincts which, in other spheres than that of religion, defy all attempts to restrain them, and which have never been tamed by any other power than that of the Church.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that those who habitually consider the unity of the Church of Christ as something analogous to the unity of race which gives an unmistakable family likeness to nations of Teutonic or of Celtic origin; or again, to that of the nations whose language is more or less based on the Latin tongue; or again, to the tie which binds together the independent or loosely-connected commonwealths which have sprung from English colonisation, should attach but little importance, and show ill-concealed dislike, to the existence and the claims of a power such as that which all Catholics believe to be vested in the successor of St. Peter. If the Church is nothing more than a confederacy composed of several practically independent provinces which, if they differ among themselves, can be brought into harmony by nothing but an assembly representing the whole, then indeed the doctrines which are commonly known as Ultramontane may well deserve the indignation which they have excited. But this indignation is simply based upon a fundamental error as to the constitution of the Church and the commission given to St. Peter as recorded in the Gospel narrative; and this error would have been considered as such by those Gallican writers under the shadow of whose names our own assailants of Ultramontaniam shelter themselves. When we consider that the point of difference between these men and Catholics relates to the whole practical government of the Church from the beginning, and thus ranges over the history of every century of the Christian ages, and that, moreover, matters of government are ordinarily details which affect the interests and the passions of men very closely and keenly, we can understand the language used

about the supposed extravagance and insolence of Ultramontane claims and Ultramontane agents, without finding it necessary to believe that there has actually been much more real foundation for these charges than the simple fact that the authority which Catholics believe to have been divinely instituted in the Church has felt bound to assert its rights, exercise its powers, discharge its functions, and do its duty to God and to the flock of the Good Shepherd. Such a power has necessarily to work through the subordinate agents whom it finds possible to employ, and these men, in the course of so many ages, may often have made mistakes, and may still oftener have been represented as making them. No excuse can, of course, be offered for those who, in the discharge of functions of the greatest delicacy, have wantonly given offence by arrogance, or taken advantage of their position to indulge their own pride or further their own interests. The servants of the highest of powers and the noblest of causes are more guilty than any other men in a like position can possibly be, if they are overbearing in their manner, exaggerated in their pretensions, unfair and discourteous in their language. And yet it has certainly often been the case that what has been called arrogance has been the simple assertion of an indubitable right, and that almost technical language has been declaimed against as insulting. Thus, St. Augustine of Canterbury sat still, *more Romano*, as the historian tells us, when the British Bishops came to him, and his attitude was made the pretext for resisting his authority. We can all remember the outcry that sounded from one end of England to the other at what was called "the Flaminian Letter" of Cardinal Wiseman, and how difficult it was to persuade our countrymen that it was the universal custom of Bishops writing from Rome to their flocks to date what they wrote from some spot outside the walls of the city.

We have already said that we are not now concerned to enter on the defence of the doctrines regarding such questions as that of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, which are now considered as the crucial points of distinction between those who are technically called

Ultramontanes and their opponents. Looking at these questions broadly, it is surely fair to say that there can be no doubt among Catholics as to the solid foundation of such doctrines in the commission given by our Lord to St. Peter. As soon as the Roman Pontiff is recognised as the shepherd of the flock of Jesus Christ, the universal teacher and guardian of the faith, it becomes unreasonable to impose arbitrary limits on the extent of the commission as expressed in the words of our Lord, and the gift of infallibility and inerrancy must be such as is required by the commission, by the responsibility of the ruler, and by the obligations of the ruled. Nor can anything be more simply natural than that the teacher of the whole Church should be understood to use his power whenever and in whatever way he may signify that he uses it. We are more immediately connected with another point, kindred to this. We are convinced that grand and wonderful as is the history of the Christian Church in all its manifold variety of detail, there is nothing more admirable and divine about it than the manner in which the authority of the Holy See has been wielded through so many centuries. A careful study of this part of the subject could leave no doubt upon any candid mind that in the life of the Church herself nothing has been more absolutely vital and essential than the continued influence of the Head upon the members of the body. The action of the Holy See is the very condition of the existence of Catholicism. Nor again is any part of what we may call the character of the Catholic Church more singularly beautiful than the spirit which has reigned for so many centuries at the centre of Christendom, the spirit which breathes in the air of the Holy City, as if it were a fragrant exhalation from the shrines in which the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul are honoured.

There is a beautiful expression found in one of the writings of St. Gertrude, in which it is said that God has from the beginning chosen to deal with the race of man "rather according to this wisdom of His benignity than according to the power of His majesty."* This is the

* *Potius sapientia benignitatis quam majestatis potentia.*

rule of the divine agency in the world, and it would seem as if we might claim for the chain of the successors of St. Peter, in dealing with so many fierce nations, so many proud sovereigns, so many intriguing and ambitious governments, that they have shown in their measures that mixture of gentleness and firmness which comes nearest to the imitation of the heavenly pattern. It is the Christian version, as it were, of that old power of ruling the world which Virgil has celebrated in some of his grandest lines—

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :
Hæ tibi erunt artes : pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

The imperial power which kept the nations in subjection is exchanged, in Christian Rome, for a sway which has no force at its command, except that which the Catholic conscience gives it, and yet it has maintained for centuries a reign of peace over the whole world, by the side of which the ancient *Pax Romana* loses its majesty. The poet has hit on the great secret of the Roman rule in that indulgence to the subject races which he so finely commemorates. It was this wise forbearance from "governing overmuch," and from all interference with national institutions and feelings, except when they were incompatible with the condition of her own supremacy, which enabled Rome to keep the world in peace with forces which would now be considered inadequate for the standing army of an European kingdom, because all felt their connection with her as a privilege and an honour. This moderation in leadership, which Thucydides praises in the most successful statesman of Greece,* is the special condition of stability of power, as it is also that one characteristic of great possessors of lawful authority which is entirely beyond the comprehension of the more narrow-minded and violent among their adherents. The use to be made of immense strength and resistless power looks very different to men who have never had any responsibility entrusted to them on the one hand, and to those who have a practical

* He says of Pericles, *μετρίως ἐξήγητο*. ii. 65.

knowledge of the dangers of souls on the other. This moderation is the very reverse of the principle of modern centralisation, and it explains the great strength and compact harmony of constitutions and empires, which have grown through a series of ages with the expanding life of nations, as contrasted with those which have been struck off by theorists in their studies or diplomatists in their conferences, and suddenly thrust upon nations unprepared for them. The ruling power in the Catholic Church has ever acted on this principle, notwithstanding—we may perhaps rather say, because of—the plenitude of her authority, and the mighty spiritual forces with which she is armed. We see it in the very ample concessions which she makes to national churches, distinct rites, and ancient customs; in the length to which she goes, for the sake of peace and of the quiet of consciences, in the way of condoning spoliations and waiving even large portions of her own rights in the framing of Concordats. We see it in the generous indulgence which Rome is always ready to accord to returning schismatics and repentant heretics; or, again, to those of her own children whom she has had occasion to condemn for some individual error, to the conquered persecutor, or the rebel who, at the hour of death, craves for the mercy of Heaven at her hands. Akin to this principle is that “tranquillity of judgment,” that calm and dispassionate weighing of the merits of the cases which come before her, which is another characteristic of the spirit of Rome; and that reverence for the name of Catholic, even when not altogether worthily borne, which so often makes the action of her justice appear slow and weak to controversialists and partisans trained in a different school. Here again we seem to see the reflection of a principle of the divine government on which the Wise man has dwelt.*

* Sap. viii. 1., xii. 18. It is curious to find the Roman Governor Festus speaking of the equity of the imperial tribunals as if it were a point of distinction habitually remarked upon. Acts xxv. 16. “It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he who is accused have his accusers present, and have liberty to make his answer, to clear himself of the things laid to his charge.”

There remains the last quality which the poet attributes to the rulers of the ancient world, the maintainers of the greatest unity which ever existed except that of the Catholic Church ; and this, too, has its parallel in the administration of the kingdom of Christ upon earth. Rome knew how "to quell the sons of pride," and the Church also has her severity for those who deserve it. She is often taunted with too great condescension, with a suppleness which seems to her critics to be the fruit of a wily policy, and to exemplify the bad principle of the sacrifice of ends to means. They forget the instructions of our Lord and the example of the Apostles, who would certainly have been censured by some of those who censure the Holy See, for having become all things to all men that they might by all means gain some. And as her considerate gentleness and forbearance bring on her this criticism, so her strong acts of necessary severity win for her the blame of relentlessness and cruelty. The Vicars of Jesus Christ have never shrunk from the use of the spiritual weapons with which they have been intrusted when such use has become necessary. We need only take modern instances, near to our own time, when the external power of the Roman Pontiffs has been less in itself than in former centuries, and far less in comparison with that of the States with which they have sometimes had to deal. Take the history of Jansenism, or of that very Gallican discussion in the reign of Louis XIV., which the mere mention of the word Ultramontanism brings back to the mind. Or take as a specimen of the action of the Roman spirit the whole history of Pius VII. in his dealings with the First Napoleon. The salient points in that history are, the consenting to the conditions necessary for the restoration of religion in France, and the framing of the Concordat ; then, again, the journey to Paris in order to attend the Emperor's coronation, the protest against the organic laws, and, later on, the excommunication published at Rome at the very time that it was in the possession of French troops, and when, humanly speaking, there was no hope of redress or help against the power of the enraged Emperor ; then, again, the long captivity, the extorted

concessions at Fontainebleau, with the noble revocation of those concessions. The personal character of the man who for the time being filled the Chair of St. Peter had, as we see, its influence on some of the details of this long period of trial, and there may be as much exaggeration in those who tell us that every word and look of a Pope are to be considered sacred, as there may be of real disloyalty in those who distinguish unreasonably between the man and the Pontiff. But there can be no doubt as to the character of the line of conduct which restored France to the Catholic Church. It shows throughout the prudence, the largeness of mind, the indulgence, the benignity, the union of sweetness and fortitude, of patience and unbending resolution, in which we recognise the true spirit, the first breathings of which are to be found in the Acts and in the Epistles of St. Peter.

We might, indeed, point to days later than those of the First Napoleon for our examples, and we might quote the illustrations of the Roman spirit given us, not on the Continent, but in the countries in which we live. It is one of the blessings which compensate for much of the calamitousness of the state of the Catholic Church in Ireland and in England, that our circumstances place us in even closer relations with Rome than many Catholic nations. A good portion of our Clergy and of our Bishops came to us after education or sojourn in the Eternal City, and none carry so well about with them the spirit of Rome as those who have imbibed it at its source. We are precluded from speaking of living instances, but it would be inexcusable not to mention, in connection with this subject, the name of the first great Prelate of the restored Hierarchy of England. Cardinal Wiseman, with all his ability, learning, and energy, would never have done the work which he accomplished in this country if he had not so thoroughly embodied Roman ideas, Roman habits of thought and methods of conduct. Received on his return from Italy as Archbishop of Westminster with a howl of angry passion, he lived to see himself become really popular and even to be complimented as thoroughly English, and his death called forth demonstrations of respect such as are

rarely paid to any one, however high in position before the country. He left behind him not merely a restored Episcopate and a re-invigorated Church, but an influence on the active development of religious works, on the studies of our Priests, on the administration and frequentation of the sacraments, and on the tone of our literature, which was entirely Roman. No doubt the man was congenial to the training; still, it was his training, and the place of his training, that made Cardinal Wiseman what he was.

The foolish charges against Ultramontaniam in the abstract fall to the ground when applied to a true and living specimen of the Roman mind. Rome has only to be known in order to be loved. Her relation to the Christian world is one which of all others requires delicacy, tact, forbearance, and the most consummate combination of prudence, firmness, patience, and charity. These are qualities which in their highest grades appear almost instinctive and incommunicable, and they can no more be learnt from books than the fire of the poet or the inspiration of the orator. Rome, therefore, of all powers in the world, requires to be judged, not from a few persons who may put themselves forward in her cause, but from the general character of her authorised representatives, and the general tenour of her method and her conduct. It is inevitable that the outposts of a great army may not be as inoffensive in their behaviour as the troops which lie under the eye of the General round his head-quarters. As discoverers name whole continents after the first small tribe of natives which they meet with, so those who approach Rome from without are apt to judge of her from organs or advocates who have, at best, a very insignificant place in her system. As long as those who act and write on her side are thoroughly penetrated by her spirit, we shall have no fear that her lawful claims will not in time make their way to the minds and hearts of the English people.

Our Library Table.

1. MR. ALLIES has been for some years engaged on a very great work—a philosophical and historical analysis of the *Formation of Christendom*. It is a work to which a whole life-time might well be dedicated, and, if the author lived to see it completed, he might fairly congratulate himself upon having produced a book dealing with one of the most important subjects that can occupy the thoughts and employ the pen of a Christian student. Such a work would be a sort of indispensable commentary on or summary of, the history of the Church, and might fairly take its place next after expositions of Scripture or treatises of theology. To attempt such a book requires no small courage and devotion at any time and in any place, and we fear that, among ourselves at the present moment, it must be undertaken, if at all, rather from love of the subject than from expectation of finding a large and willing audience. The second volume of Mr. Allies' work is now before us, and it enables us to form some idea of the magnitude of the task before its author. The first volume, published some four or five years ago, was almost entirely preliminary; that is, it dealt with that elementary transformation of individual man, by Gospel light and Christian grace, which is indeed the essential condition of the formation, the perpetuation, and the development of the Christian society, but still is technically distinct from, and antecedent to, those processes. In this second volume we begin to see the building growing up out of the living stones which have been created afresh in order to form it. The first chapter, entitled "The Gods of the Nations when Christ appeared," is devoted to a philosophical account of ancient polytheism, its multiplicity, its universality, its degrading effect upon morality, and its satanic character. The second chapter, called "The First and Second Man," treats of the consequences of the fall of Adam and the redemption wrought by our Lord, and the permanent connection of the human race with these two heads and their works respectively. We have next a chapter on "The Second Man verified in History," in which the work of the Holy Ghost in the Church, in applying the fruits of the Incarnation and the Redemption, is dwelt upon, first theoretically and then historically. This introduces us to three historical chapters, in which the progress of the Church and the formation of the Christian community is described through the first ten generations, that is, down to the end of the

persecution of Diocletian. It was a part of the author's plan to relate the conflict between the Church and the later schools of Greek philosophy, and thus complete the history down to the time of Constantine and the Council of Nicæa, in his present volume; but he has found his limits too small, and has stopped short, after two very interesting chapters, in which the influence of philosophy is traced up to the time of our Lord.

We need hardly speak of the careful learning, the clear and lucid style, rising occasionally into eloquence, which Mr. Allies has displayed in this as in all his works. He has, we think, a peculiar gift of succinct and intelligent statement on matters in which theology is combined with philosophy, and the many passages in the present volume in which this gift is exercised seem to show us that he embraces the occasions which present themselves of using it with marked predilection. This theological tone, which pervades some of the earlier chapters of the volume, will perhaps make it seem rather hard reading to ordinary minds. It is not that Mr. Allies is obscure, or that he revels in scholastic terms, or that he takes refuge in authorities or quotations. These are the resources of inferior or careless writers, and Mr. Allies is neither careless nor second-rate. His very excellence is, we shall not say his temptation, but that which raises him somewhat above the reach of his ordinary readers. We find in this volume many passages of closely-reasoned theology, which require much attention to grasp them fully, not on account of any faulty want of clearness, but because the matter is so carefully compressed that every word seems to be of importance. Such is the passage at the beginning of the eighth chapter on the state of innocence, and the consequences of the fall of Adam, or that in the following chapter on the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Allies has probably expended even more care and thought over these particular chapters than over those which succeed them, which contain so interesting a summary of the history of the early Church through the ages of martyrdom, or, again, in which he has traced, in so masterly a manner, the progress of Greek philosophy up to the beginning of the Christian era. Yet these latter will attract more attention from the ordinary reader than those which precede them.

We most cordially hope that this finely conceived and important work may be carried on to its conclusion; and yet it is not without a feeling of sadness that we consider what is too likely to be its reception in the present state of English and Catholic literature. If a work with half its power and half its research had been produced among Anglicans, it would have been read eagerly by thousands, who now will turn from it on account of the religion of its author. On the other hand, we fear that the taste for works of so high a character has yet almost to be created among English-speaking Catholics, and that an author who would have become famous in Germany or France may meet with but scanty appreciation among our own countrymen. But it is a great thing to have undertaken such a work, and it will

be a still greater to complete it—and an author who fully understands the glories of such a subject as the Formation of Christendom can afford to wait some time for a public who will value his labours as they ought to be valued.

2. In spite of the many legal and international facilities now afforded for the interchange of books from all countries, it sometimes happens that a great advance is made, or fresh steps taken by other national literatures of which we are not aware. Even as regards France, our next-door neighbour and most abundant contributor—a country of which we are especially apt to think we know the resources, and are quite *au courant* with the march of thought—we now and then wake up with delighted surprise at some fresh, springing growth of beauty, some living and fruitful protest sent out against the current mass of misbelieving, scoffing, or immoral writing, and powerful enough to neutralise it at least for the time. Such, to name no other, were the pure, fresh, healthful outpourings of Eugénie de Guérin, or the exquisite collected records, so rich in instruction, of the family of the La Ferronnays. It would take up too much of our limited space to follow out these remarks in detail, but it would do good service if some one would take the trouble to record in full, from time to time, the sound and religious contributions of a lighter kind now making to French literature.

We have now before us two volumes of poems, the first of which, *Élévations Poétiques et Religieuses* (Adrien le Clere et Cie.), is partially known in this country, but not so well as it ought to be; the second series—*Nouvelles Élévations Poétiques et Religieuses*—is probably not yet known at all. The accomplished lady who writes with so much ease and charm under the *nom-de-plume* of Marie Jenna, has done much to redeem her country's name from the reproach of that pestilential and sickly writing which makes up a large part of the production of the French press; and we hail such efforts with the more eagerness, as giving token of the prevalence of a better taste among a large class of French readers. Unblushing vice, degraded wit, and the advocacy of every profligate principle, have, we may hope, run out nearly the length of their tether; and as Catholic instincts as well as practices have always held their ground, so we rejoice also to observe that from these purer waters are springing up to freshen the wells of general literature. The editor of *Eugénie de Guérin*—whose honoured name is associated with a band of friends of like principles—has done and is doing much to forward this great work, in which we heartily wish him success, and hope to find him labouring for many years.

Even a rapid glance at Marie Jenna's small volumes will convince the reader that they contain poetical pieces of great freshness and beauty, breathing a true and sound spirit of religion, and viewing every natural object by the clear light of faith. Some of the little poems are full of originality and a kind of piquant grace, which has a

special charm of its own. Such is the imploring petition, in the first series, of the butterfly in "Le Papillon"—

Pourquoi t'approcher en silence
Et menacer mon vol joyeux ?
Par quelle involontaire offense
Ai-je pu déplaire à tes yeux ?

Je suis la vivante étincelle
Qui monte et descend tour à tour,
La fleur à qui Dieu donne une aile,
Un souffle, un regard, un amour.

Me vie est tout heureuse et pure ;
Pourquoi désires-tu ma mort ?
Oh ! dis-moi, roi de la nature,
Serais-tu jaloux de mon sort ?

Va, je sais bien que tu t'inclines
Souvent pour essayer des pleurs,
Que tes yeux comptent les épines
Où je ne vois rien que des fleurs.

Je sais que parfois ton visage
Se trouble et s'assombrit soudain,
Lorsqu'en vain je cherche un nuage
Au fond de l'horizon sercin.

Mais Celui dont la main Divine
A daigné nous former tous deux,
Pour moi parfuma la colline,
Et de loin te montra les cieux.

Il me fit deux ailes de flamme,
A moi, feu follet du printemps ;
Pour toi, son fils, il fit une âme
Plus grande que le firmament.

And again in "Marguerite," what can be prettier or less conventional, according to any stereotyped pattern of French verse, than the following?—

Dès le matin, Marguerite,
Aux lieux où Dieu seul habite
Portant ton esprit rêveur,
Le front penché sur la fleur,
Oh ! dis-moi quelle parole
Tu verses dans sa corolle.
—Je lui dis : Céleste don,
Blanche étoile du sillon,
O belle silencieuse !
Vers Dieu monte ton odeur ;
Mais je suis bien plus heureuse :
Je peux lui donner mon cœur.

Et que dis-tu, Marguerite,
A l'oiseau qui va si vite
Du village au marronnier
Et de la rive au sentier ?
—Je lui dis : Ami fidèle
De l'homme et des fleurs, ton aile

En tous lieux suit tes désirs ;
 Ton langage est sans soupirs ;
 Dans ta coupe savoureuse
 Tu n'as pas trouvé de fiel ;
 Mais je serai plus heureuse :
 Tu ne vas pas jusqu'au ciel !

"La Meilleure Part" (p. 143), which is too long to extract, is such a ballad as Longfellow might have written of two lovers who give themselves to religion. In the second series of *Elévations*, there is the same tone of delicate feeling and purity of instinct and thought, with even greater freedom and power.

We find here also other severer strains, too long to extract, which will well repay the reader, and which may almost be looked upon as devotional, so full are they of Catholic truths and practical piety. "Beati qui lugent" and "L'aimeras-tu?" are of this class. The lines on Eugénie de Guérin's grave at Cayla must be given entire, and with them we must close our notice of the "Poet of the Vosges."

C'est là qu'elle vivait, belle fleur solitaire,
 Entre un rayon du ciel et l'ombre du mystère,
 Lorsque sur son coteau Dieu la cueillit pour nous.
 Sentiers qu'elle foula, vous en souvenez-vous ?
 O triste et doux passé ! souvenirs pleins de charmes !
 Passant, donne à sa tombe et des chants et des larmes :
 Ange, elle a tant prié ! femme, elle a tant souffert !
 Parfums, brise des bois, murmures, saint concert,
 Vous aviez pour monter l'aile de son génie,
 Mais le monde ignorait le secret d'Eugénie :
 Elle cachait sa lyre et filait son fuseau.
 Du laurier, bien souvent, le glorieux rameau,
 En éclairant le front, jette une ombre sur l'âme,
 Et Dieu, gardien jaloux de ce doux cœur de femme,
 N'a couronné que son tombeau.

3. Of books on subjects connected with the great French Revolution there seems to be no end, and as yet we have not arrived at the time when it can fairly be said that the ground has been covered, and the topics of interest exhausted. M. de Pressensé, the chief writer among French Protestants, has published a really important work on the *Church and the French Revolution*, a translation of which, by Mr. John Stroyan, has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. M. de Pressensé's particular point of view is that from which the Revolution is considered as affecting the relations between Church and State. This point of view is usually made subordinate in histories of the Revolution, and thus the work before us comes to us with some of the attractions of novelty. For the rest, M. de Pressensé is always a judicious, calm, and very interesting writer ; and although we cannot subscribe to all his conclusions, his desire to be fair to those from whom he most widely differs is unquestionably conspicuous throughout the volume. He hardly, we think, understands the principle of the line taken by the Holy See either with regard to the "civil constitution of the Clergy" in the earlier stage of the Revolu-

tion, or with regard to the Concordat with Napoleon at the close of the period of which he treats, but there is no conscious carelessness and no deliberate inaccuracy in his statements. At the same time, we must remark that M. de Pressensé, like many other men who have dipped into historical studies, is not so calm and judicious about the events and tendencies of his own time as those of the past. He has prepared a Preface to the English translation, in which, if it must be said, he rather loses his head about the temporal power of the Pope. Of that power he says: "Personification of all abuses, of all tyrannies, it has against it all the liberal aspirations of the entire world, not to mention the justifiable hatred of Italy, of which it is the curse, and of the Roman people, on whom it presses with its whole weight." M. de Pressensé has evidently never heard of the depths of misery to which the population of Italy has fallen under the usurping government of Victor Emmanuel, and the excessive taxation required to pay the revolutionists who have "made Italy," which has lately driven quiet and docile peasants into insurrection and assassination out of pure despair. "Nothing," he continues, "is more decaying than the Vatican." We have been accustomed to such language for many years, but somehow Rome is always decaying, and yet never succeeds in accomplishing her decay. Then again he tells us, and as a Frenchman he must be listened to with respect, that France, the sole support of the temporal power, is somewhat variable in temper —

Souvent France varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie !

We must leave Frenchmen to settle this accusation with their countrymen for themselves, but when M. de Pressensé goes on to tell us that "by the side of the French Government there is the public intelligence, which does not always find its exact representation in a *régime* in which all initiatives belong to the sovereign; and that, at the very time when the second Roman expedition obtained the sad victory at Mentana, opinion was passionately pronounced, not only against the Roman theocracy, but against all State religions, and all paid and protected worship," we can only wonder how it has come about that the majority of intelligent men have always thought that it was exactly the "passionate pronouncement" of opinion in favour of the "Roman theocracy" which induced the "sovereign" of France to send that very second Roman expedition which had the effect of protecting the capital of the Christian world from the pillage and massacre intended for it at Florence.

However, M. de Pressensé's prejudices have not, as we have said, prevented him from putting together a useful and interesting book. There are two points in particular as to which we trust that he may be followed by some Catholic writer well acquainted with the details of the history. The first of these is the immense influence which the religious measures adopted by the Assembly had upon the subsequent course of events, which, perhaps, might even have taken another turn

altogether but for the attacks on the Church and on the rights of the Holy See. The second is the very remarkable part played in the Assembly, and in the revolutionary proceedings generally, by the Jansenists. These miserable sectarians meet us at every turn, and it is hardly too much to say that the Revolution owes its worst features and its most odious crimes to them. The "civil constitution of the clergy," for instance was evidently their work. We are not aware whether any writer has been at the pains to draw out this point in its fullness. M. de Pressensé gives facts enough, in abundance, to prove it, but it was hardly to be expected that he should give it any great prominence.

4. It is perhaps a good sign when a very wide class of readers takes a great interest in the personal characters and history of the men by whom the nation is governed. It is quite amusing to examine the columns of the provincial papers and to mark the air of authority and familiarity with which the "London correspondent" imparts the gossip of the day to the "country cousins" who form the great bulk of the supporters of those journals. Some of these worthy correspondents are very sensible men—sometimes, with Irish papers in particular, men of authority; and it is not an unheard-of case that a bit of real news, which has not been ventilated in town, is to be found in their productions. But, as a general rule, the information communicated is such as from internal evidence compels us to assign the writer, not merely in a figurative sense, to the realm of flunkeydom. These descriptions rise to their highest level when they are relating scenes in the Houses of Parliament. It is a great matter to inform the provincial world of the exact position of "Gladstone's" hat—they always speak of great men with that freedom from ceremony which intimate friendship, no doubt, abundantly justifies—and how "Disraeli" looked when "Bright" was speaking. Sometimes they even go so far as to speak of what "we members" felt and did on certain occasions. However, as we have already intimated, the general interest in personal details as to our leading statesmen is not a bad sign for the country, although it may now and then be fed not quite in the most unexceptionable manner. There are, however, good accounts of Parliamentary scenes and Parliamentary heroes as well as bad accounts. We have before us an interesting volume on the *Gladstone Government*, by a Templar (Hurst and Blackett), which, if it is somewhat sketchy as to less prominent members of the Cabinet—as to whom there really is very little to be said, an unusual number of them being rather new men—is, on the other hand, not only judicious, but full, in its statements as to some of the leading men of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone himself, of course, fills the largest space in the picture. It must be difficult, in drawing up articles of the kind of which this volume is composed, to hit the just mean between the notice in a biographical dictionary and the critical essay, but we may fairly commend the work of the Templar as giving us a good deal of information in a very unassuming manner.

5. Few men are competent to write a book suitable for beginners in science—at least we should form this judgment from the many lamentable failures that have issued from the press within the last few years. In chemical science, especially, the want of a sound, practical work has been felt by those whose province it has been to teach this branch to junior students. This has not arisen from the small number of elementary treatises on chemistry, but from the inferior quality of those which existed. Mr. Barff's *Introduction to Scientific Chemistry* (Groombridge) will supply this want, and, we have no doubt, will be hailed by all whose interest it is to teach chemistry in a scientific manner. Experience of the difficulties of teaching is required to write a book for learners, and every page of this work bears the mark of the teacher's hand. The manner of treating the subject is somewhat original, but extremely natural and simple. Instead of laying before the learner a series of badly-digested theories and illogical definitions, which is so common in scientific books for beginners, the author confines himself to experimental facts, from which laws are deduced, and on which theories are founded. In the first part of the book no symbol is used, and definite weights are alone dealt with; the system of symbols and atomic weights is left until the learner has mastered the more important and fundamental facts. For matriculators in the London University this book will present many attractions. The chemical papers for the last five years are all answered and the calculations worked out. The chapter of hints to candidates for examination is very practical. This book, with a good course of lectures, will be invaluable to the real student, but we are happy to say that it is eminently unsuitable for those whose only wish is to "cram."

6. There is a certain amount of poetry—or verse—published every year, as to which we feel continually inclined to rebel against a certain severe doctrine of Horace about mediocrity, which we need not quote. Horace himself has laid down a somewhat similar law about music. We can do without it, he says, and therefore it must be first-rate if we have it at all. Most English households are accustomed to rejoice in music which is certainly not first-rate, and at which a severe connoisseur might, perhaps, go nearly frantic; yet it pleases brothers to hear their sisters play and sing, and parents delight in listening to the results of the music-lessons for which they have had to pay. The poetry of which we speak is not perhaps of the very highest strain, but it is sweet and pleasant, nevertheless, and soothes and charms more people than it offends. Its authors like to see it in print, and it finds readers enough who are grateful for it, though it may not quite come up to the style of Tennyson, and perhaps would be frowned out of existence if it were to fall under the criticism of Mr. Arnold. We make these remarks to introduce two little stores of such poetry to our readers—Mrs. Eckley's *Minor Chords* (Bell and Daldy), and an anonymous volume published by Mr. Duuy, called *Legends of the*

Saints. We give a specimen of each. The first, from Mrs. Eckley's volume, is called "A Legend :"—

He knew he could not tempt her, though a throne
 He had to offer, and a crown of gold
 With priceless jewels on her brow to blaze ;
 He knew he could not win her, though unwon,
 Unpledged she was, and even free to love—
 Yet might she not aweary grow some day,
 Weary of sitting on that doorstep lone,
 Plying her distaff from the golden dawn,
 Until the bats brought night upon their wings ?
 And would she never spin that long thread out,
 And then look up towards that beetling cliff,
 Where stood the castle in its towering strength ?
 Yet reck'd she not that castle on the hill,
 Nor its proud inmate in his lonely gloom.
 Flower of the hamlet was fair Geraldine,
 And to the Virgin vow'd from cradle life,
 But now an orphan was she in that Grange ;
 Only her old nurse filled her mother's place—
 For she in churchyard peace long, long had slept.
 And yet the baron still gazed down in hope
 From battlemented walls on that lone house,
 Where—save the great mill, long since wreck'd, disused,
 Which spread its arms, as if in threatening mood,
 Over the reckless stream that long since had
 All barrier burst, soft rippling on its way
 O'er mossy stones and ferns, and flag-leaves broad—
 No other object in that valley lone,
 Hinder'd the baron's view of that doorstep
 Where sat fair Geraldine with distaff e'er,
 Plying the thread that never seem'd to end.
 Still young the baron was, an orphan too,
 And comely, thus the village maidens said ;
 And when, in earlier days, these two did meet,
 And play together by that mill-stream's flow,
 Stringing wild cowslips on the same silk thread,
 Then would he whisper—"Geraldine, some day
 My little wife wilt be, and thou shalt wear
 Brocade of gold, and drop these home-spun robes ;
 Instead of cowslips round thy golden hair
 A coronet of precious gems shalt wear."
 And she his Queen should be, his Queen of May,
 And they should wedded be in Mary's month.
 But then her mother died, her first great grief,
 She had no room within her heart for else
 Than tears and lamentations ; and the youth
 Was sent from home in foreign wars to fight ;
 And after many a year, at last came back,
 And brought his bride, who only lived a year,
 And with her babe slept in that churchyard too.
 Then wistful gazed the baron towards the Grange,
 And, tempting, offer'd her his hand once more,
 For memory had upturned those early flowers
 Of other days, when they were children both.
 But no—she would not wed him now, she said,
 For a sweet lady, clad in holy white,
 With a fair child she held, came there one night,
 (And gossips said a vision she had seen
 Of Blessed Mary and the Holy Child)

And she had whisper'd to fair Geraldine
 To wed her soul to Heaven, not to earth,
 And bid her knot some golden threads she brought,
 And spin a veil, and then a robe to make
 With this same thread—thus work'd she night and day,
 From golden dawn until the bats brought night;
 And when the veil was spun, and robe was made,
 She back would come. Thus Geraldine did spin,
 Nor wept she o'er the quiv'ring woof she held;
 But one day, when the baron came to see
 If she her task had done, he found her—but
 Standing within a golden sheen of light,
 Array'd in bridal robe and virgin veil,
 Waiting, she said, until that lady came
 With the crown'd Child within her tender arms;—
 She came,—and led her through the churchyard's rest,
 Into the golden cloisters of her home.
 He watch'd them from the doorstep disappear
 Down through the churchyard into shadows merge,
 But on the doorstep where she'd sat so long,
 Her distaff lay and its last spinning spun;
 Up from the step he raised it to his lips,
 And press'd a holy kiss upon the thread,
 The golden thread that Geraldine had left
 To draw his soul to her's and Paradise.

Our second extract versifies a well-known story about a mediæval preacher. (Perhaps the author may as well be reminded that our Lord was not *born* at Nazareth.)—

Thousands stood around a preaching Friar,
 In the great Cathedral of Cologne,
 While he told, as if with tongue of fire,
 How our right to Heaven was lost and won.

Now, his tones were solemn as the thunder,
 When its awful music thrills the spheres;
 Then, as tender as the dews that under
 Forest trees gem blade and spray with tears.

So that, when he ceased, the people, spell-bound,
 Looked with awe into each other's face;
 And a murmur, like a muffled bell sound,
 Throbb'd and trembled through the holy place.

When, from his high seat, the Priest descended,
 Gentle was his step, his bearing meek;
 But his downcast eyes with light were splendid,
 And the flush of conquest lit his cheek.

Till a man, in passing, said, "O Preacher!
 While you held us there with pausing breath,
 Thought you but of Christ, the humble Teacher,
 Born for us in distant Nazareth?"

At this speech, the Brother's colour wasted,
 Word nor sign of answer made he none;
 But away, with sudden speed, he hasted,
 To his cell that lay without Cologne.

Shut out earthly praise, and earthly power :
 There, with ceaseless sighs, bemoaned his sin—
 There, with prayer renewed from hour to hour,
 Strove with God a pure, free mind to win.

Fought so well his battle high and holy,
 That, before three winters did depart,
 Self was dead in him, and Jesus solely
 Ruled and reigned in his devoted heart.

Then an inward, urgent voice impelled him
 Forth, to plead and preach the Word once more ;
 And the multitude, when they beheld him,
 Gathered round him as in days of yore.

But, when he would speak, soft tears of pity,
 Sobs, and quivering sighs alone would come—
 Yearning ruth for all the wicked city ;
 Yearning love for Jesus held him dumb.

And the people never thought or wondered
 Why he met them thus, so still and faint ;
 But the sternest bonds of sin were sundered,
 In the silent presence of the Saint.

7. Anthony Stafford was one of the "reactionary" party in the Anglican Establishment in the days of Laud and he wrote, among other strange books of no great fame, a work about our Blessed Lady which excited a good deal of noise at the time, as it was attacked by Burton, and Burton, in turn, persecuted by Laud. The history of the book shows how entirely the old Catholic feeling towards the Blessed Mother of God had died out in the generality of Anglicans so soon after the days of Elizabeth as the early part of the seventeenth century, and how futile were the attempts made to restore it. In the present day it is much the same. Mr. Keble's verses on our Blessed Lady awakened no response, even among the highest Anglicans, and some of the more advanced Ritualists are known to have used very Protestant language indeed concerning her invocation. Mr. Orby Shipley has been at the pains of reproducing Stafford's work in a very beautifully-executed *fac-simile* edition, printed on unexceptionably toned paper, and most elegantly bound, with a portion of the "Hail Mary" stamped on the cover. It is called *The Femall Glory, the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady* (Longmans). As a piece of antiquarianism, nothing can be more perfect, except that Mr. Shipley inserts an introductory essay on the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, from the pen of an "Anglican Priest" of the present day, which is not in itself altogether free from matter objectionable to Catholics, and which, at all events, if it were meant fairly to argue the matter out on a question as to which so few Anglicans are prepared to agree with the author, should have been put forward separately rather than under the protection of a mere ghost like Anthony Stafford.

8. Miss Annie Harwood has published a little series of essays, "Words on Work to Educated Women," under the title of *The*

King's Daughters (Hodder and Stoughton). The contents of the book are sufficiently indicated by the title. Miss Harwood writes nicely, and is by no means an illiberal Protestant. We observe, however, that she adopts the cant language about sisterhoods destroying individuality, merging the person in the garb and in the order, and so on. This is all very shallow. The work of persons who are combined together for any purpose in the world, is ordinarily far more effective than the work of the same number of isolated individuals ; and there is no earthly reason why, to take the very lowest ground, Protestant ladies should not work at least as efficiently in well-ordered societies as under other circumstances. There may be plenty of objections to Protestant sisterhoods, but this particular objection is worth nothing. Miss Harwood tells us, as we observe, that she has failed altogether in her attempts to get a sight of the rules of these establishments.

9. Any one who wishes to gain an adequate idea of the strength of prejudice, and of the great difficulty with which people in general, and Englishmen in particular, are aroused to a sense of their own interests in matters in which the change from which they so lazily shrink will certainly benefit them largely if they will only take the trouble to make it—should study the series of works in which Mr. Edwards has for some time been endeavouring to give the public right and practical ideas on the important subject of smoky chimneys, domestic fireplaces, the ventilation of dwelling-houses, and the like. We gather, from the tone of his last publication (*The Use of Fuel in Cooking*. Hardwicke), that Mr. Edwards, like other reformers, has not been able to bring about the changes which he has recommended to half so large an extent as the force of his argument merits. We are the most wasteful and prejudiced nation on the face of the earth as to these points of domestic comfort and economy. An Englishman likes a comfortable blaze, and so he wont hear of warming his house, even his staircases and passages, with some of the hot air which wastes itself in his huge kitchen chimney. English cooks are accustomed to huge kitchen ranges, which consume in a day fuel enough to cook the family dinners for half the neighbourhood for a month together ; and so we must go on, as of old, every householder in the land doing his little best, as it were, to ruin the national stores of coal as fast as may be. We think, however, that Mr. Edwards' clearly reasoned and very intelligible volumes must gradually work a change. In his present work he certainly puts it within the power of any one who will take the pains to save an immense proportion of the fuel now commonly used for cooking purposes. We can hardly say that this question is uninteresting to "the general reader," but if it were so, he would still thank Mr. Edwards for his short sketch of the career and good deeds of the famous Count Rumford—Benjamin Thompson, an American by birth, to whom we really owe almost all the improvements which have been made in our chimneys, our fireplaces, and our cooking

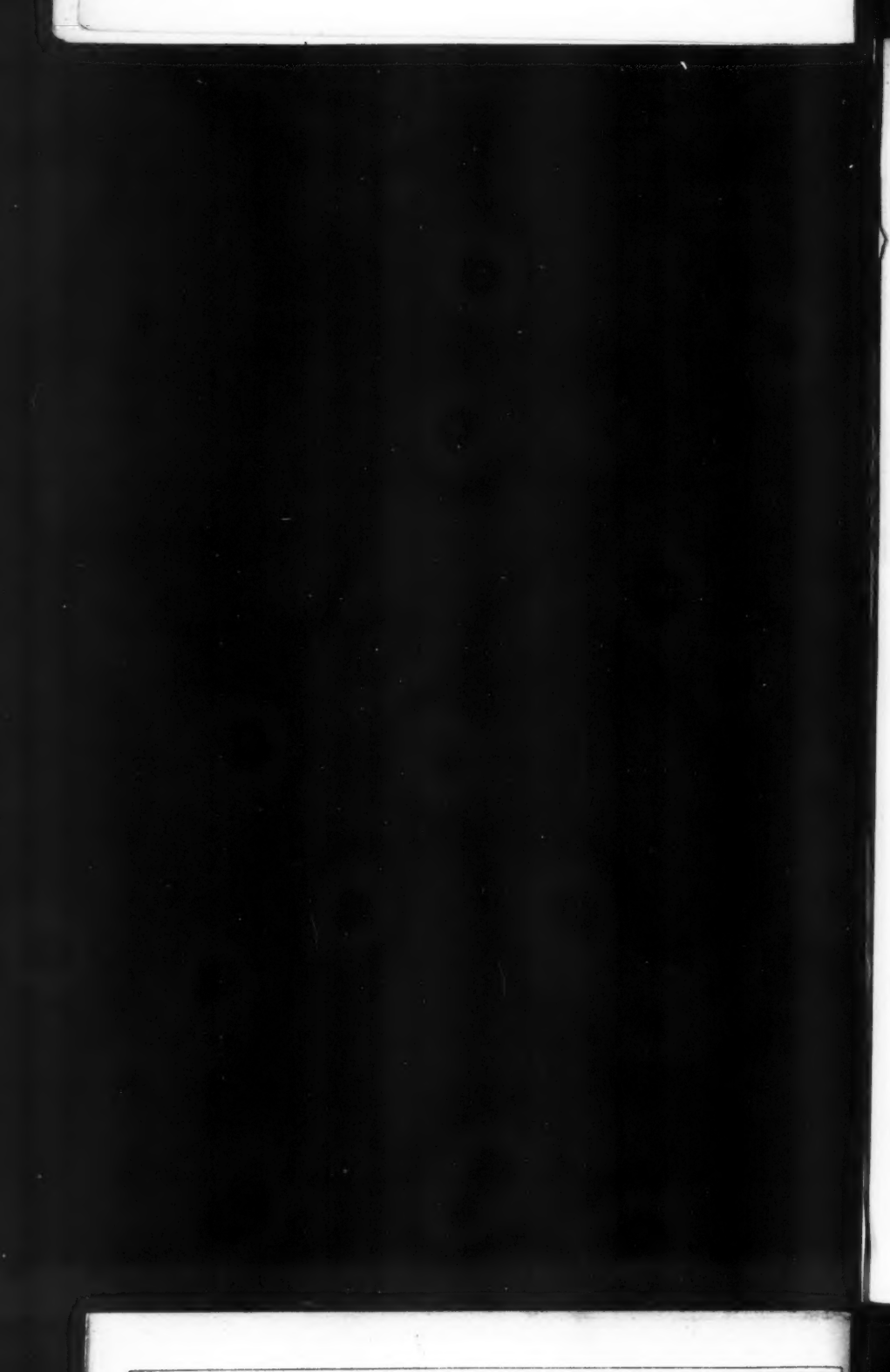
apparatus. The principles introduced by him are really very simple and intelligible, and have by this time received most abundantly the only testimony required to establish them, the testimony of experience. We saw it lately mentioned as a great success, in an advertisement by a London manufacturer of kitchen ranges that, at a certain workhouse where his plan had been adopted, the cooking for 2 000 persons daily required only five hundred weight of coal. Count Rumford was able to cook an excellent dinner for 1,000 persons at the total cost of rather less than fourpence-halfpenny. We observe that Mr. Edwards states, with apparently strong conviction, that cooking by gas cannot be economical. "It is not a question," he says, "of comparing coal used extravagantly and gas used economically." It is not only that the production of gas is expensive, but that "the rejected part of the coal used in making the gas is exactly that from which we obtain nearly all our heat, namely, the carbon which the gas companies leave in the form of coke. When the ingenuity of man can succeed in readily converting a whole body of coal into inflammable gas, we may entertain the hope of such gas competing successfully with the coal itself, but probably not otherwise."—p. 47.

10. The many admirers of Lady Chatterton's poetry will be glad to welcome a new volume from her—*Lady May*, a Pastoral (Richardson). The story is somewhat of the same generic type, so to speak, as that which forms the basis of Tennyson's charming poem, *Lady Clare*; at least, *Lady May* is brought up as a village girl, and turns out at the end of the tale to be a great heiress. There is a good deal of graceful writing in the few pages which make up this little volume.

Miss Oxenham, the authoress of *Edith Sydney*, has published a second tale, *Not Yet* (Burns and Oates), which shows a very great advance on her former work. Miss Oxenham has only to continue to write carefully in order to take a high place among Catholic authoresses.

Dr. M'Carthy, of Maynooth College, whose Commentaries on the Epistles and Gospels throughout the year we have more than once noticed, has just published the concluding portions on the Gospels, and this valuable work is therefore complete. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of many very interesting *brochures*, on which our want of space alone forbids us to enlarge. Such are *The Lives of the Principal Benedictine Writers* of the Congregation of St. Maur, by Charles M'Carthy (Burns and Oates); some striking *Thoughts on some Questions of the Day* (Longmans); *The United Kingdom and the Disunited Church* (in three parts, Longmans); *Who wrote Britain's "Ida?"* by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, of Blackburn; and *Lord Mayo and the Irish Catholic Bishops* (reprinted from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*). We must also mention *Tales for the Many*, by Cyril Austin (Burns and Oates), and the Rev. C. B. Garside's short discourse, *Preaching the Cross* (*ib.*).

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